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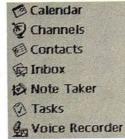




















THE NAME IS DENNIS.





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APTITUDE TEST

Which one is not a covert operative?









Which is best when infiltrating an enemy stronghold?









4 High testosterone levels can be detrimental in which scenario?







c]



Divulge critical information only when being tortured with a _______









He's the president of Armstech. And the biggest 5.0.8. in the world. S. b. Every Special Forces soldier knows cardboard boxes make excellent hiding places. "Oly-oly-above. Research shows that the male hormone is a liability in most life-and-death scenarios. Sorry, fellas: 4. Hone of the dest game of the years of development, critics are hailing Metal Gear Solid as the best game of the year. End of story. S. True. After three years of development, critics are hailing Metal Gear Solid as the best game of the year. End of story. S. C. One malking battle tank and you'll be quaking in your gen-x poser boots. X. d. Playing Metal Gear Solid may cause all sorts of titillating physiological side effects. Reread belief, Playstation consoles and tacifical espionage games only cause meltdowns in college sociology classes. [Of course, broccoli can make some of us a bit gassy.]

CLASSIFIED

• Critics are hailing Metal Gear Solid as the best game of the year.



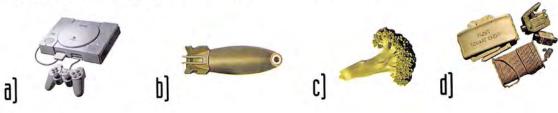




Sweaty palms and rapid heart rate are symptoms of ______



Which one could create a 30-megaton "incident"?



Answers: 1. d. Henneth Baker is no stinkin' spy. oxenfree and get shot in the head." 3. All of the an "ouch" out of you wussies, no matter what encounter with a Metal Gear nuclear-equipped exponder with a Metal Gear nuclear-equipped exponder.







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SEASON'S BEATINGS

THE SAVE-YOUR-ASS GIFT GUIDE 92

You've got a posse to please during the holidays: your boss, girlfriend, mother-in-law, three-year-old nephew. Our guide will save loads of time...maybe even protect you from bodily harm.

BOOKS THAT DON'T BORE BUSTED IN BANGKOK 106

This excerpt from Warren Fellows' 4,000 Days provides a horrifying taste of his 111/2-year stay in a Thai prison. Those with rat phobias should steer clear.

COVER GIRL YASMINE BLEETH 114

lt's a tough

The former Baywatch goddess has a new job: riding Don Johnson's sorry ass as a hard-core internal affairs cop on Nash Bridges. Let the interrogation commence!

ADVANCED ANTHROPOLOGY **MEN ARE PIGS 120**

Of course, given our behavior, we're also rats, chickens, elephants...even brindled gnus. Here's the evidence.

TRAVEL IMPROVES THE MIND WHERE ARE ALL THE WOMEN? 124

p. 124

Anyone can find a halfway decent beach, ski resort, or island. We tell you how to find the ones populated by beautiful women who would love to meet you.

GET DRESSED THE POWER HOUR 132

Watches to wear whether you're ticking down the secs at a formal New Year's bash or just lying on the couch, wondering how long till Hogan's Heroes

CAREER COUNSELING **ODD JOBS 138**

A sex carpenter, a blood maid, a garbage diver, and a man who draws people's asses prove you don't have to attend law school to make an honest buck.

HEAVEN

Management 1

SCREEN SAVERS 148

When your TV show is in a Nielsen free fall, who you gonna call? These curvaceous guest stars, who make heart rates and ratings rise

STYLE THE WILD LIFE 154

Sophisticated without being stiff, these suits look great whether you're holiday-partying all night or illegally chopping down Christmas trees deep in the forest.





Camden; Satoshi; Pat Crowe/Animals Tyler Mallory for the Washington Post 9

Bleethal weapon: Yasmine, p. 114

SONG OF THE ROBIN. SCENT OF THE PINE.

Click of the automatic starter on the gas grill.

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spatula, and well-worn shoes that can be kicked off so you feel the grass beneath your toes.

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"Ssh...Maybe he won't notice

us," p. 60

Columns

SAYS HER

72 THE F*#@ING HOLIDAYS

Winter blues got you ready to roast your nuts on an open fire? Well, get ready to bust out your yule log: Nancy Miller explains why women get the holiday hots.



BUCKS

Not Michael

Jordan, p. 82

76 HOW MUCH YOU GOT IN YOUR POCKET?

More than a thousand readers tell us what's in their wallets and where it goes.

DONE THAT

82 DRAFT DODGER

Ever dream of trying out for the pros, just to see how far you'd get? High on hopes but low on talent, average yutz Jake Bronstein throws his cap into the NBA draft.

GRIND

88 HOW TO LIE ON YOUR RESUMÉ

We're not saying you should fib about your achievements ("Mr. Williams, I'm impressed. Did you really invent baseball?"). We're just...um...showing you how other people do it...and get away with it.

WINE & DINE

162 GET BAKED!

Those standard-issue stocking-shaped Christmas cookies are for soccer moms. Here are some cutting-edge cutters that'll give your holiday baked goods a twisted edge. We provide the recipes; you provide the red food dye.

STUFF

Skate bored?

Try these on for size, p. 166

166 SNOW JOB

A ski-run-destroying snowmobile, winter sports to trash your new machine, and a fort full of snow gear that makes us feel all warm and toasty inside



Departments

36 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

How to fake a royal lineage, eat sushi off a naked virgin, and get rosy-cheeked Christmas carolers off your damned front lawn without the use of semiautomatic weapons

170 HANG TIME

Our cut-through-the-crap guide to the latest movies, music, television, and books

184 INSERT CAPTION HERE

A contest for the sick and twisted



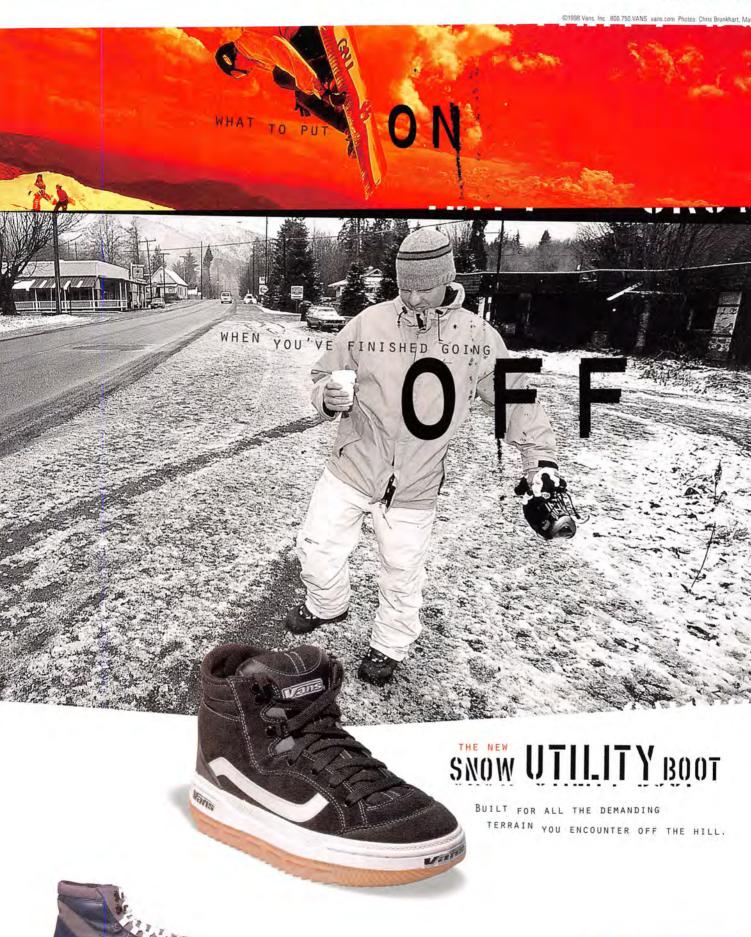


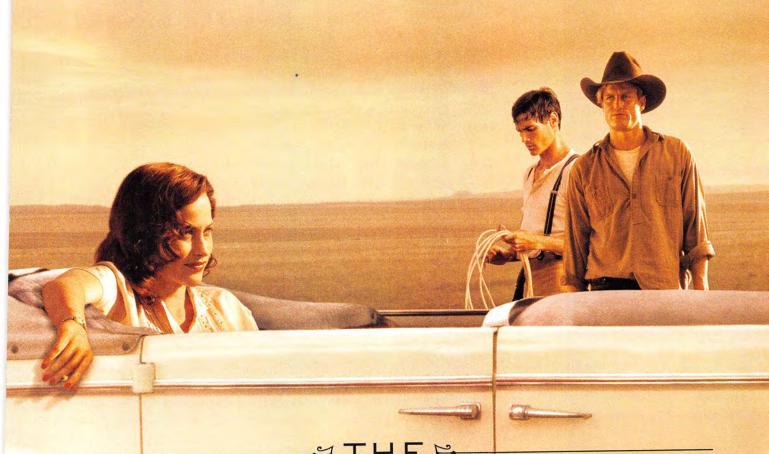
ARTISAN



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HI-LO COUNTRY

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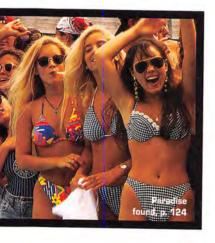
COLE HAUSER JAMES GAMMON PENELOPE CRUZ AND SAM ELLIOTT CASES VICTORIA THOMAS PRODUCTION BY CARTER BURWELL ENTER MASAHIRO HIRAKUBO

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My Christmas Wish List

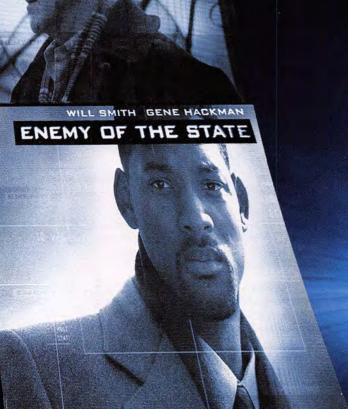
eace on earth and goodwill toward all men is a wonderful holiday wish. I've got a few wishes of my own, however—some a bit selfish, perhaps...but most are honest hopes and dreams for a better world that come from the very bottom of my heart. Forgive me if I get a little mushy.

- 1. I wish Maserati would open a 99¢ store.
- 2. I wish we didn't have to blink (we'd all look a lot cooler).
- 3. I wish I could replace my right arm with a powerful flamethrower.
- **4.** I wish the year 2000 computer glitch, known as the "millennium bug," were really a 900-foot-tall heavily armored insect that devoured cities.
- **5.** I wish you could travel through time by pumping really fast on a stationary bike.
- 6. I wish someone would tell me what the hell "reindeer games" are.
- **7.** I wish you could rip the editor's page out of any *Maxim*, crumple it into a ball, throw it into the air, and it would explode.
- **8.** I wish that the longer you had to stand in line to buy a gift, the cheaper it became.
- **9.** I wish there were a Christmas carol with a tango beat...just to make things worse than they already are.
- 10. I wish that even if we don't develop the technology for interstellar spaceflight, we'd at least develop the technology for interstellar crank phone calls.
- I wish every Maxim reader would come into a great deal of money next year...and lend me five bucks.
 Season's greetings,

Mark Goli

MARK GOLIN Editor-in-Chief

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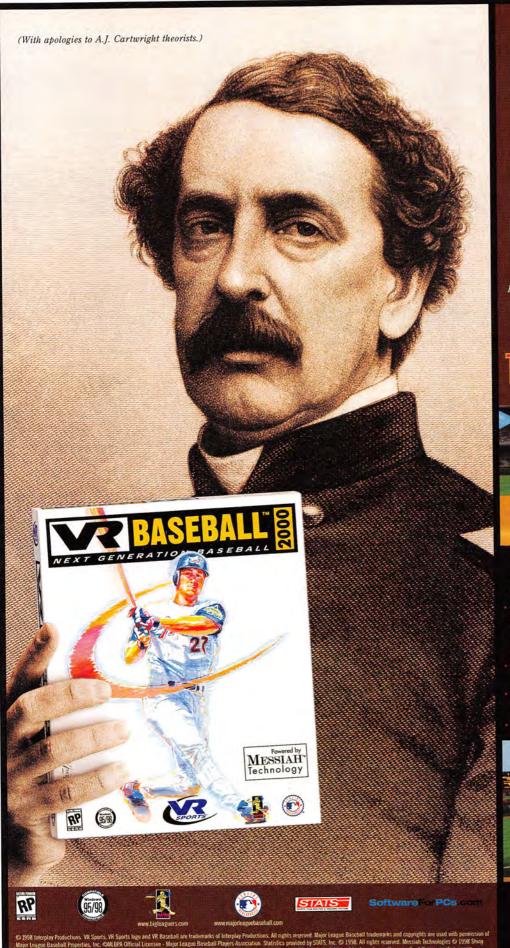








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Rants and Ravers

Naughty and Nice

REBECCA GAYHEART IS EASILY the most bee-yoo-tee-ful woman yet to grace your cover [October]! Steven Russell's interview was playfully naughty, showing that the former Noxzema girl isn't all squeaky-clean and pure; she can get down and dirty, too. Lance Staedler deserves a sizable raise for his ultrasexy, moody, noir-ish pictorial. How are you gonna top this one?

Stephen Lee Roldan Aiea, HI Roseanne coming up!

Charming Idea

I AM NOT TRYING to do your job, but I think, as winter approaches, a decent article on skiing is in order. Perhaps you could cover the best hills to visit this year. Now, as any reader of ski mags knows, only the big places, like Aspen, Lake Tahoe, and Sun Valley, are reviewed. I think your

Letter of the Month

No "I" in Team!

I FOUND THE ARTICLE "Dirty Diving" [September] very offensive. I think that your magazine and your editors are pathetic. I'm a U.S. Navy midshipman whose goal is to be selected to attend BUD/S (Basic Underwater Demolition/SEAL) training after graduation and eventually become a SEAL. I've also had the privilege and opportunity to be trained by SEALs. Even with this very brief training, I've never once claimed to be or suggested that I was a Navy SEAL. Your article made a mockery of everything that I've done so far. Any guy who reads your article and attempts to follow the instructions in it is an ignorant and desperate loser. He will be caught and will feel really stupid. So don't do it!

Pissed Off

Queens Village, NY

We've received numerous complaints about this little article and are frankly more concerned about the number of mothers who chose to name their children Pissed.

mag would be better off discovering the new places, the up-and-comers, the places only locals know about. But the resorts must have affordable rates and damned good skiing without the crowds, hassles, and expense. I think you are getting my point by now, and I hope to see something like this in one of your future issues.

Alan R. Drummond (via E-mail)

We carefully considered your idea. We researched hundreds of ski resorts, taking into account terrain and expense. Then we threw out that info and wrote about the two best ski resorts for meeting women. See page 124.

Gone but Not Forgotten

I HAVE A COMPLAINT. I entered The Great Maxim Chili Contest way back in November/December '97 but never heard another word about it. I was hoping that you'd publish the winners' names and, more important, the winning recipes. What's up?

James Sampson
Colorado Springs, CO
We vaguely remember that the
winning recipe had some beef,
beans, vegetables, and other stuff
in it. Oh, yeah...it has to cook for
a while. Hope that helps.

Grand Larceny

YOUR ARTICLE "Tips from the Puppet Master" [October] touched on something that I would like to see further discussed. Specifically, tip number 4, "Steal her away." There is this beautiful woman at work whom I'm very attracted to, and I believe she is taken for granted by her boyfriend. What are some other ways I can steal her away without coming on too strong and ruining our working relationship?

Gregg Cuppels
(We lost the envelope)
We suggest you obtain photo
manipulation software, a photo
CD entitled Sheep of Scotland,
and a snapshot of her boyfriend.
Get the picture? She will.

Female Complaints

I REALIZE *Maxim* is a men's magazine, but I'm sorry that I stumbled upon it. I used to like men very, very much. Now I'm not so sure. Realizing that most men give women what women want for the sole purpose of getting what *they* want has left me disillusioned. I, on the other hand, give of myself to the man I love because I care for his comfort and happiness, not to get anything in return. It'd be so nice to believe that at least some men are of a like mind.

A Disillusioned Female (via E-mail)

Please put down the Cosmo and move away from the ledge. What will your seven cats ever do without you?







Attention: Objects in mirror are actually having even more fun than it appears. Buckle your seatbelts, hit the gas, put in some tunes and don't look back. You've got a Sony Car Ready Discman® CD player. And with its advanced ESP² SteadySound™ anti-skip technology, you can rock & roll down that highway called life and never miss a beat. Wanna stop for tacos, no problem, the Sony Car Ready Discman CD player is completely portable. Ahhh, the open road, the wind in your hair, your favorite CD's and your portable CD player...Is this fun or what!





SONY

Gal Friday

I JUST HAVE TO KNOW who that model is featured in the "Strokes of Genius" article [September]. Wow! Even if you cannot tell me who she is, then would you please just try to show more pictures of her in the near future...pretty please?

Michael Famico
(via E-mail)
Oh, that's our receptionist,
Candy. She likes motorcycles,
walks on the beach, and candlelit editorial meetings.

Low Places

I NEED SOME HELP! I am lovesick and heartbroken. Writing poetry isn't considered very manly, but you guys teach us how to react to certain things and how to deal with male issues, right? Well, maybe you could tell me how writing can relieve the pain when some woman is tearing your freaking guts out and stomping on them.

Benjamin Spencer (via E-mail) Write out a check for 100 dollars, cash it, and go to your local bar.

Tough Guy

NOT A BAD RAG, despite having a bunch of feminists on the masthead. And by the way, what the hell is an editrix?

Harry Arvey Santa Fe, NM st of all, we are

First of all, we aren't feminists...we're pharmacists. Second, an editrix is a female editor who is versed in a form of martial arts the name of which you can't even pronounce.

Yosemite Sam

I ENJOYED your article "The Death Dealer" [September] because I've known a number of crazy, funny, deadly dudes like

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Has the world got you down? Turn that frown upside down! Think back to the days of old, when you and your brothers and sisters sat on the couch every day after school and waited for little Carrie to eat tall prairie grass.

Have a special memory? We're looking for those sadistic moments from our television past that bring a tear of nostalgic happiness to our eyes. Write to Simple Pleasures, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Floor, New York, NY 10018. God bless.









Dan Holliday, some of whom wanted me to hook up with them. Anyway, two quibbles: First, you wrote that Dan Holliday "made Steven Seagal look like a Girl Scout." Sorry, but Steven Seagal is the real deal when it comes to martial arts. Your author could have used Jean-Claude Van Damme and been much more accurate.

Second, I'm getting disgusted with people stating that Glocks are the best handgun! Wrongo! I was brought up using the old 1911 Army .45. It is accurate to 50 yards and knocks the shit out of anything it hits. Practically every gun I've fired has jammed on me at least once, from an

M-14 to riot shotgums to revolvers. However, I've fired thousands of rounds through various military .45 automatics and never had one jam. I love them!

Bill Bryan

Peachtree City, GA Mr. Heston, you ain't fooling anyone with that "Bill Bryan" crap.

Thanks, But...

I'M A PARAMEDIC and we have some issues of emergency medicine magazines at work. One of them had a great article about the wide array of objects that people, especially men, stick up their asses. That article was outrageous, and I'll bet that if your writers took a stab at it, it would be even better. Check it out.

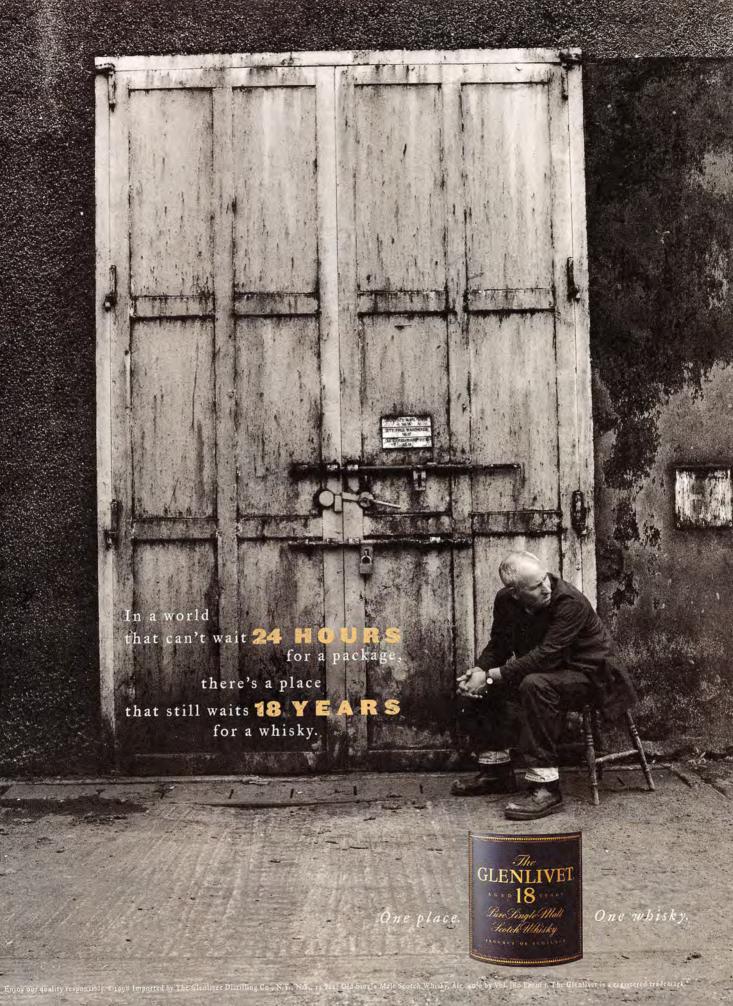
Bryan Simpson
Boise, Idaho
Come on, we wouldn't touch
that story with a 10-foot pole.
Ba-dum-bum.

Satanic Verses

I'VE READ THE OCTOBER ISSUE from cover to cover and concluded that the author of the absinthe article, "I Drank With the Devil," Thomas Coughlin, is in fact the same person who wrote the "Go to Hell!" article. Furthermore, I believe that at the time the latter twisted work was being written, he was under the influence of that hallucinogenic drink. I say this because such farfetched thoughts have to be stimulated by something beyond money. I do, however, think that the story is a good description of what hell would be like. It takes a vivid and demented imagination to come up with a story like that. Hey! Perhaps Satan and the author drank the stuff together!

Mauricio Rueben Three Rivers, TX Close. "Go to Hell!" was actually written by our editor-in-chief, Mark, who, incidentally, is Satan.

Letters should be sent to Editors, *Maxim* Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018; or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com.





Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.





Die Laughing

Keep on Truckin'

A fire starts inside a chemical plant, and the alarm goes out to fire departments for miles around. After crews have been fighting the fire for more than an hour, the company president approaches the fire chief and says. "All our secret formulas are in the vault in the center of the plant. They must be saved! I will give \$100,000 to the engine crew that brings them out!" Several crews try, but none can get through.

Suddenly a hook and ladder filled with a volunteer squad of men over 65 comes roaring down the road and drives straight into the middle of the inferno. The other firefighters watch, unbelieving, as the old-timers hop off their rig and heroically extinguish the fire, saving the secret formulas.

The company president beams as he walks over to reward the volunteers."What do you guys plan to do with the money?" he asks after he writes them out a check.

The old guy who drove the engine looks him in the eye and answers, "The first thing we're going to do is fix the goddamn brakes on that truck.

Circus Maximus

A couple take their young son to the circus. When his father goes to buy popcorn, the boy asks, "Mom, what's that long thing on the elephant?"

"That's the elephant's trunk, dear," she replies.

No, Mom. Down underneath."

The mother blushes and says, "Oh, that. That's nothing.'

The boy's father returns, and his mother goes off to get a soda. As soon as she leaves, the boy repeats his question.

son," his father answers.

"Dad, I know what a trunk is. What's the thing down there?"

His father looks and says, "Oh, that's the elephant's penis."

"Dad," the boy says, "how come when I asked Mom, she said it was nothing?"

His father takes a deep breath and explains, "Son, I've spoiled that woman.

Arms Banner

Saddam Hussein calls President Clinton and tells him, "Bill, I had a wonderful dream last night. I could see America, the whole beautiful country, and on each house I saw a banner."

"What did it say on the banners?" Clinton asks.

Saddam replies, "ALLAH IS GOD, GOD IS ALLAH.'

Clinton says, "You know, Saddam, I am really happy you called. Last night I had a similar dream. I could see all of Baghdad, and it was more beautiful than ever. It had been rebuilt completely, and on each house flew an enormous banner.*

"That's the elephant's trunk, "What could you see on the banners?" Saddam asks.

Just for Show

The new nun goes to confession and says she has a terrible secret. The priest urges her to reveal it, saying he would never violate the sanctity of the confessional.

Clinton replies, "I don't know.

I can't read Hebrew."

She says, "Father, I don't wear panties under my habit."

The priest chuckles and says, "That's not so serious, Sister. Just say five Hail Marys, five Our Fathers, and do five cartwheels."

Weight Problem

A young man on a blind date takes the girl to an amusement park. They go for a ride on the Ferris wheel, but the girl seems kind of bored.

"What would you like to do next?" the young man asks.

"I wanna get weighed," she answers.

So the young man takes her over to the guy who guesses weight. "One-twelve," says the man, and the scale confirms it.

Next they ride the roller coaster. After that the young man buys the girl some popcorn and cotton candy and asks what else she would like to do.

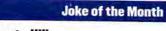
"I wanna get weighed," she answers.

I really struck out tonight, thinks the young man, and, claiming he has a headache, he takes the girl home.

The girl's mother is surprised to see her home so early and asks, "What's wrong, dear? How was your date?"

"Wousy," says the girl.

We'll send \$150 to the reader who sends us the next Joke of the Month. Write us at Maxim Jokes, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail your joke to us at jokes@maximmag.com.



Time to Kill

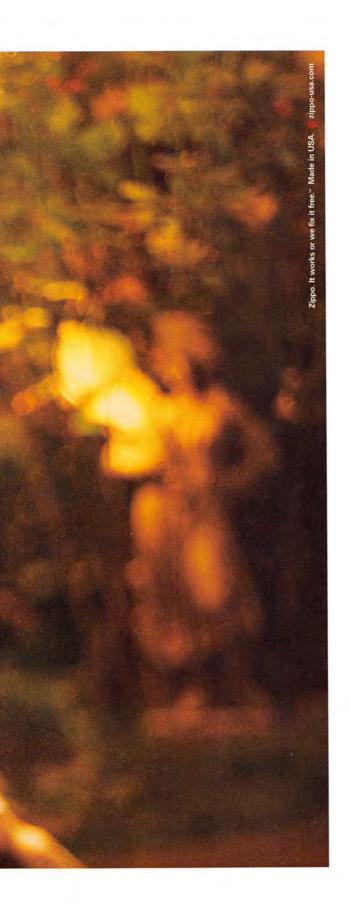
A man hasn't been feeling well, so he goes to his doctor for a complete checkup. Afterward the doctor comes out with the results. I'm afraid I have some very bad news," the doctor says. "You're dying, and you don't have much time left."



\$150 to Shawn Petri of Sherman Oaks, CA



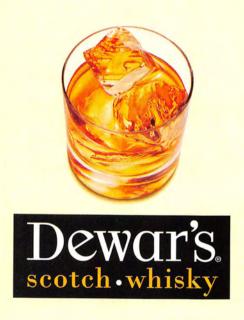


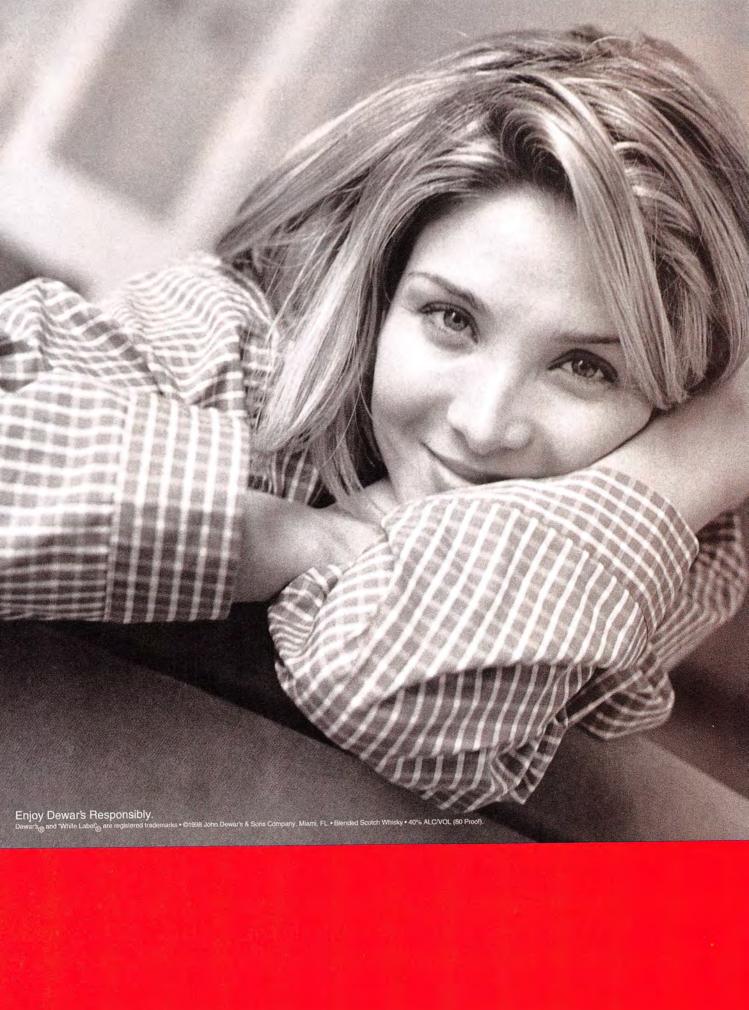


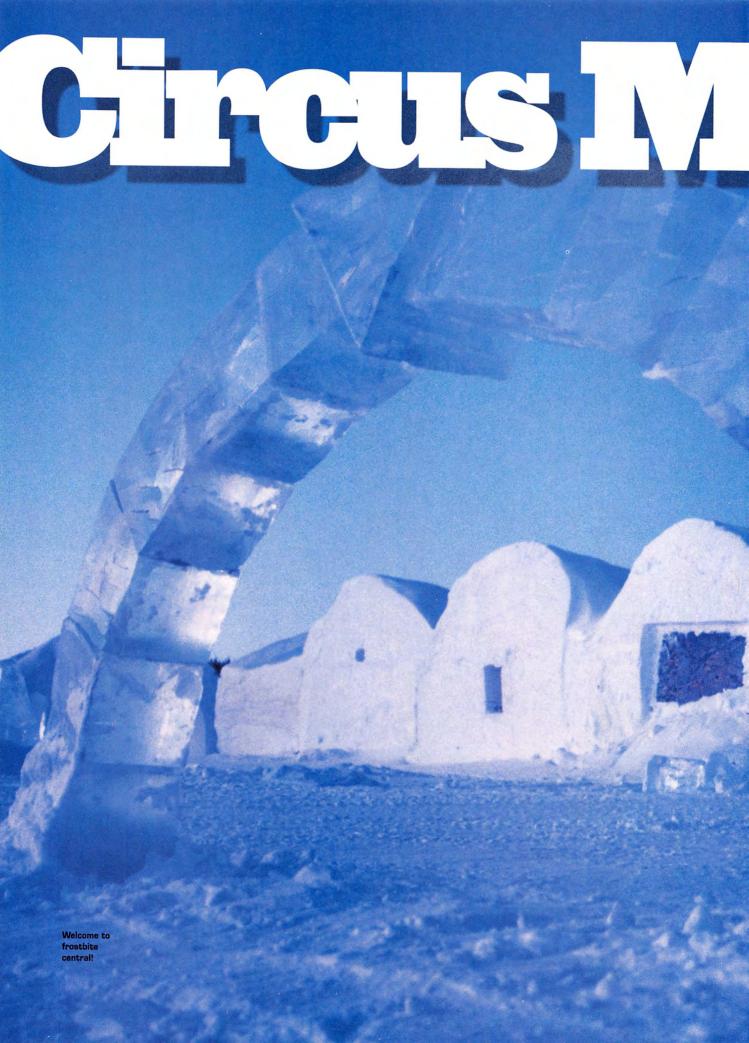


Zippo' Use it to start something.

You finally have something to take home to mom besides your laundry.







WINTER WONDERLAND

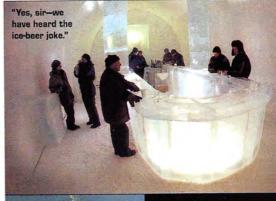
Cold Comfort Inn

Just s-s-south of the North Pole lies a h-h-hotel m-m-made entirely of i-i-ice. Any reservations?

125 miles north of the Arctic Circle, in the

swinging metropolis of Jukkasjärvi, Sweden, lies the Ice Hotel, a sort of igloo Hilton for the brave and the bundled. The interior temperature ranges from 27° to 45°F., and the hotel has enough reindeer-skin-covered ice blocks to sleep 40 or so masochists. It's so assnumbingly cold here that the hotel bar can't serve beer—it'd freeze right in the stein. (Luckily, vodka doesn't freeze—though it'll freeze your insides if it's cold enough.) But there is a

restaurant, a chapel, and a bridal suite.
The chapel offers baptisms for local babies, who traditionally have is, Swedish for "ice," in their names (e.g., Isabel, Isolde, Iscrazy, Istoofuckingcold). Make your reservations now—the place melts in April, and has to be rebuilt every November. (Call 011-46-980-66800 or check out www.jukkas.se/frameset_eng.htm.)





Photographs, Jan Jordan (spread); (top to bottom) Jan Jordan; Ulf B. Jonsson; Fredrik Funck; Pressens Bild file/AP Photo; Jan Jordan; Ulf B. Jonsson

BARROW

RUM

GRAND RE



AFFAIRS OF STATE

All the President's Gals

Straight from Russia, here's a hand-carved set of Clinton's little elves.

As was detailed in last month's Maxim, the Russian economy is on the brink of collapse. But at least one village is thriving. thanks to Monica: Sergiyev Posad, a production center of Matroshkas, those ubiquitous Russian nesting dolls. While you were munching popcorn, watching Bill fess up. this town's artisans launched into action, carving and painting All the President's Dolls, which show the women of the White House hiding inside a worried-looking Bill doll. The girls are all here (the ones we know

about): Open Monica Lewinsky to get Paula Jones, then Gennifer Flowers, then, tiniest of all, the forgettable Kathleen Willey. They sell for \$26-\$35 in Moscow's tourist markets. more than triple the usual Matroshka asking price. Demand is so high that pensioners. laid-off factory workers, and one of the town's top police officials have all become amateur Geppettos. As the ruble continues to go down, here's one village that's glad

on acid

Monica did, too. Check it out at www.treasuresfromrussia.com. VICE PRESENT

Torpedo in a Bottle

Cracker Jack meets the Jolly Roger: It's a fine rum with a fun surprise inside.

Jamming a cigar into a perfectly fine bottle of booze may sound like a counterintuitive party strategy. But when the stogie's in its own sealed compartment, the whole thing looks impressive, in a gimmicky sort of way. Barrows' Rum, named after an 18thcentury pirate who raided the East Coast of the U.S. and the Caribbean for booty (no, not that kind of booty). hails from the tiny island of Trinidad. and the company's Cigar Blend Rum comes in two flavors. A Dominican Cordova cigar is encased in a \$50 bottle of amber Grand Reserve; the \$60 bottle of Hors d'Age, a slightly stronger golden rum. holds a Hamilton House Selection cigar in its belly. Break the wax seal on the bottom and remove your ash from the glash and you've got yourself some serious smokina pleasure. How else can you have this much fun with a cigar without having to answer to an independent counsel later? (Bottled and imported by Levecke Corporation/ Bishop Imports in California, this hooch 'n' stogie combo is available at a swanky liquor store or shipwreck near you.)



Squeeze Whiz

Get a leg up on bigger forearms.



Compressible rubber balls: plastic-handled, plier-like thingamajigs: Your options for forearm pumping are pretty bleak, apart from that one exercise that dares not speak its name. But at last there's hope, in the form of the Tight Squeeze Exercising Device, in which a pair of shapely gartered pinupgirl gams girdle, shall we say. a muscle-opposing tension spring. Talk about your

stemware. The, ah, Device is made by the Anatomical Chart Company (www.anatomical.com), which also makes pens shaped like hypodermic syringes, coffee mugs resembling eyeballs, and those intriguing disassemble-able plastic hearts, eyes, etc. that sit on doctors' shelves-not to mention anatomical charts and urine specimen bottles. Most of this stuff is weirder than it is funny. But call (800) ANATOMY for a catalog if you can't resist.

Photographs, Damien Donck; Eric Axene (cigar silo)



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.







really roars? Looks like Renaissance

"One can have no greater mastery than mastery of oneself' Edge: Leo Da

"The last thing I want to do is turn into a Hollywood jerk'

NICKNAME

Homo Universalis (Universal Man), because of his mastery of art. science, music, and engineering Edge: Leo Da

Leonardo Retardo. because he reportedly cheated on school tests and liked to breakdance in public

Summoned to appear in court at age 24 on a charge of sodomy Edge: Leo Da

Scolded on the set of Romper Room as a child actor for bad behavior

Apprenticed to the artist Verrocchio

Edge: Leo Da

Claims Alan Thicke helped him learn "how to put the moves on women"

Mona Lisa, with its haunting renderng of a Florentine woman's mysterious smile

Titanic, with its haunting rendering of Kate Winslet's jahoobies

Draw

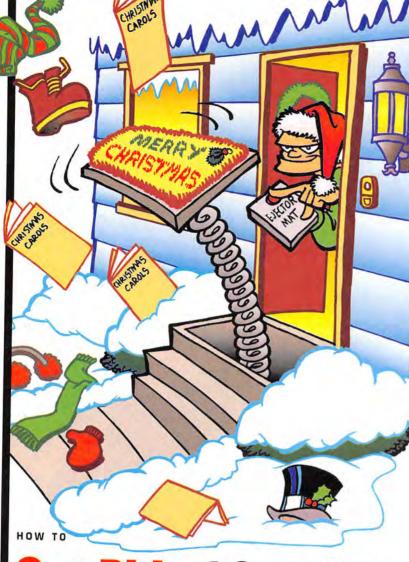
Dead Edge: Leo Da Looks like a girl

Alleged never to have touched a woman

What do you think? Edge: Leo Di

AND THE WINNER IS

No contest: The long-dead Leo da V mopped the floor with DiCaprio's prepubescent little mug, 5-1. Now who's king o' the world?



Get Rid of Carolers

Rosy-cheeked ragamuffins dispensing holiday cheer? Here's how to break their will and drive them from your door.

In the mid-1600s the English Puritans forbade the singing of Christmas carols. Today carolers are back and just plain annoying. Here are some creative ideas for terminating those pesky seasonal rodents. (Warning from lawyers: Don't take this seriously.)

1. Train a couple of attack dogs to go for the yule log, if you know what we mean.

2. Decorate the yard with bloody coats, hats, and mittens. Disguise the porch as a WWII machine-gun nest.

3. Pass out peppermints soaked in ipecac syrup. By the time the carolers reach the next house, they'll be "yakking through the snow...'

4. Leap out onto the front porch wearing noth-



burn the house

down, and

move to Israel.

ing but a diaper and the words CAROLS

MAKE ME HORNY painted on your chest.

covered marshmallow Santas and leave

6. Hire neighbor kids to Super-Soak the

7. Appear at the front door dressed

8. Hand out mini candybars to the car-

so-o-o goofy. Where did you get those

olers and say, "Man, you guys look

as Leatherface from The Texas

5. Bait bear traps with chocolate-

them lying all over the lawn.

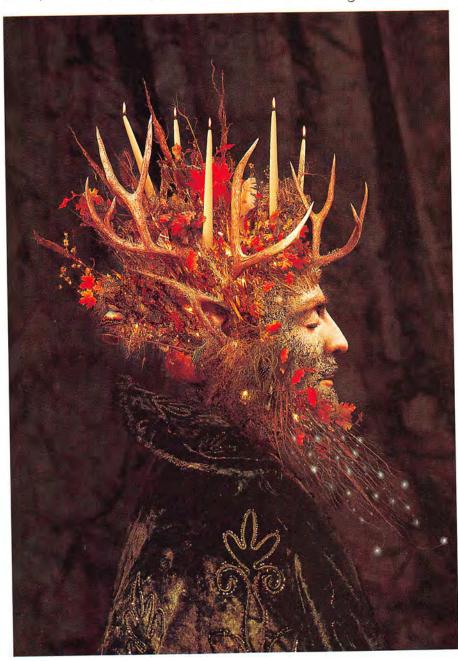
carolers with noa.

Chainsaw Massacre.

great costumes?"

Circus Maximus contributors:

Rosie Amodio, Paul Bibeau, Jennifer Calonita, Tim Clark, Charles Coxe, Greg Emmanuel, Greg Ferro, Rob Hill, Jordan Matus, Nancy Miller, Laura Morgan, Jeff Ousborne, John Parrish, Alix Strauss, John White In a past life I was a fir tree. One day some body chopped me down and covered me with decorations. Next thing I knew, they throw me back outside. I remember thinking," What was that all about?"



In a past life of was jure, glacial spring water.



If you're going to lie on the couch, at least keep score.







The **Maxim** Tree

Spike the nog, light the log, and deck the halls with these.

Hanging guy: Handmade. Comes with note: "Kids: Santa couldn't make it. Ask Mommy to explain." \$350. Contact www.wolfsnare.com for more info.

Martini glass and cigar: These two cost \$29 and \$22, respectively. The good life don't come cheap. Alphabets in NYC, (212) 579-5702.

Six-pack: Spend Christmas Eve gathered around a fire, swilling cheap hooch and eatin' roasted Twinkies. \$7. Midwest of Cannon Falls, (507) 263-4261.

Evil clown: From Christopher Radko's Monster Mash set. We call it the John Wayne Gacy Special. \$34. Call (800) 71-RADKO for more info.

Stormtrooper: This baby is mean! \$20. From the Radko collection (see above).

Alien lights: Have a paranormal holiday. \$15. It's a Mod Mod World, (212) 460-8004.

Rubber devil, Elvis ball, crappy robot, garland, tinsel, etc: Ripped off other people's Christmas trees, \$0.

SPACE SHUTTLING

Get Lost in Space!

For the price of a decent first-date dinner, you can send your genes to the stars.

With long years of torturous training, a handful of chosen astronauts earn the right to break through the stratosphere and head into outer space. Now, thanks to a company called Encounter 2001, any jerk with a 50-spot can do it. Sort of. For \$49.95. Encounter 2001 will put you on its spaceship, which is scheduled to launch in, yes, 2001 A.D. How does this space odyssey come so cheap? Because all of you doesn't get to go...just your DNA, in the form of six strands of your hair (the longer, straighter kind). Encounter 2001 does allow you to include some sort of creative worksheet music, stories, drawings, photographs-in a computer file on the spacecraft, so when clever aliens clone you, the alternate you will have a ready-made career as a rock star or artist on another planet.

In 1999, Encounter 2001 will advertise the mission intergalactically, beaming an

explanatory radio transmission into the untapped demographic sectors of outer space. We at *Maxim* have decided to participate in this fruity but noble experiment to find out what alien races think of Earth's greatest publication. If Yasmine Bleeth

doesn't get those aliens here in a jiffy, folks, they ain't coming. (713) 522-7730



TIPESE. IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MUSIC.

ME AND MY BOYS

THEY CAN PLAY MY MUSIC IN THE CLUBS, BUT IN TOO YOUNG TO GO IN WHAT'S UP WITH THAT 2



VISA. PURCHASES:

\$ 1,265.89 - SO MANY TONING HUFFLER CLOTHES I DOM'T HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO WEAR THEM ALL.

- # 87.95 60WS LUM
- \$ 45.89 BOTTON LIP PIERCED AT THE PIERCETERIA.
- \$ 12.45 SILVER STUD

(ALL I HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT IS DUCH!)

\$ 163.87 - DOLOMITE BOOTS

IT'S IN YOUR WALLET. IT'S IN YOUR LIFE. IT'S EVERYWHERE YOU WANT TO BE!



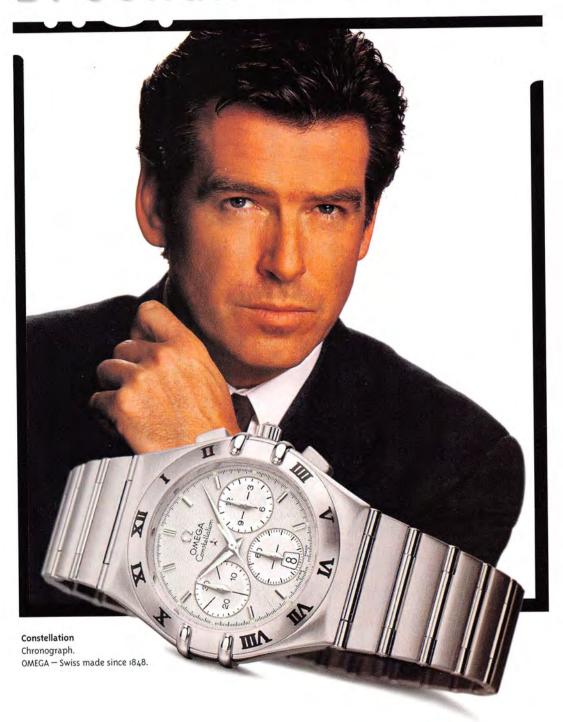
REVIEW OF MY NEW ALBUM.

LOOKS PREMY 6000, ANH ?

NWW. RANKIT. COM

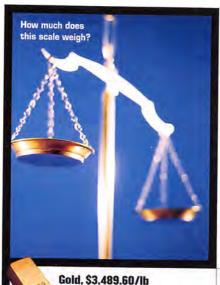


Pierce Brosnan's Choice









PRICE CLUB Measure

for Measure

Someone once said a cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. We don't know whether that's clever or stupid, but we do know how to rank investments. Whether you hanker for gold or Beanie Babies, here's the rough per-pound price.



Diamonds. \$46,660,000/lb (\$20,000 for one carat [D flawless]. 2,333 carats/lb)

Condoms, \$53,79/lh (\$4.89/12-pack, 11 packs/lb)



Pasta, \$1.50/lb



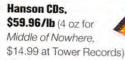
OKTHOCKENIK 1

Diaphragms, \$960/lb (\$30 for one, 32/lb)

(\$290.80/troy oz, 12 troy oz/lb)



Boobs (breast implants). \$1,933.33/lb (\$2,900 for operation to install 1.5 lbs of boob)







Deejay, \$5.63/lb (stereo. \$460; clothes, \$229; ecstasy. \$150; total, \$839, divided by a wiry 149 lbs)





Reebok Pump Fury (honoring

Hong Kong's reversion to



Porcelain urinal, \$7.91/lb (\$269/34 lbs)



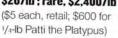
estimated 5 lbs)

Silk Gucci ties, \$920/lb (\$115 each, 8 to a pound)



Elvis, \$21,777.78/lb (\$4.9 million estate at time of death, when he weighed

Beanie Baby, common. \$20/lb; rare, \$2,400/lb





(\$20,000 to purchase 7 lbs of blackmarket kid)



Cocaine, \$2,272.72 to \$9,090.90/lb (\$5,000 to \$20,000 for a kilo, which weighs 2.2 lbs)



Titanic (the ship), \$.08/lb (Built for \$7,500,000; weighed 92,656,000 lbs)

Titanic (the movie), \$2,857,142.86/lb (production cost was \$200 mil-



Cremated relative. \$55.56/lb

(\$500 for no-frills cremation: you get 9 lbs of ash)



Just a little the Girl

A no-fail plan for commandeering someone else's girlfriend.

Step #1: Case the joint. Without becoming a stalker, get close to this girl-join her pottery class, hang out at her health club, befriend her roommate-and worm your way into her confidence by any means necessary.

Step #2: Show her your stuff. In your one-on-one talks with her, find excuses to talk about your strengths and Dickhead's shortcomings. Use backhanded compliments, like: "I really envy Joe's ability to make ends meet on his salary. Personally, I just don't think I could do it."

Step #3: Start sabotaging your rival.

If you've planted the seeds of doubt, tension will start to grow between Dipshit and his girlfriend. He will be looking for answers-and you. his gal's new chum, will be in a prime position to besiege him with crummy advice. Tell him she hates public displays of affection; claim the surprise trip he's planning will only scare her off...you get the idea. As you comb the romance out of their relationship, keep asking her, "What's wrong? You seem down lately..."

Step #4: Be there for her. As your advice to him sours things again and again, at some point The Dork King's going to get wise and stop listening to you. Suddenly your relationship with her-the deep conversations, the long walks, yadda yadda yaddawill start bugging him worse than inflamed hemorrhoids on a six-month cattle drive. He'll tell her to stop seeing you; she'll accuse him of being an overprotective meathead; and she'll gravitate to you, the only guy who understands her.

Step #5: Finish him off. For the coup de grâce: Become the most sensitive son of a bitch she ever laid eyes on, especially when they fight. The more she obsesses about what's wrong with her current guy, the sooner she'll realize she needs a guy more like-hey, what are you doing Friday night?



Sit back.
Put up feet.
Pour glass.
Survey kingdom.

CHIVAS REGAL. YOU EITHER HAVE It OR YOU DON'T.

Enjoy # responsibly







Prince Charming

Nothing turns a woman on like a guy with a cool job. And when your real job doesn't qualify, it's time to lie. This month you are: a Dashing Young Scion of European Nobility.*



Your Job

You and your peers uphold class in a Jerry Springer world. You've got people to disdain, property to foreclose, and debs to dazzle. The grand duke, your dad, insists you marry no lower than a contessa, but a hot commoner with the right attitude toward first-date oral sex might Fergie her way into your heart.

Your Training

You prepped at Eton, where you read Shakespeare and Milton with a side of Bacon. You

showed talent for rowing, getting buggered, and the Eton Wall Game-a violent blend of rugby and soccer played only there. On graduation, you got a position as an officer cadet at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst in Berkshire County; a two-year commission in the exclusive Household Cavalry followed. Your training continues today: You study winetasting under Paolo di Napoli, skiing under Pierre Gruneberg at Courcheval, and strip baccarat under Stinky Henri in Monte Carlo.

Your Gear

When you deign to care what time it is, you consult your fabulously distinctive, Swiss-

made Tiffany Atlas watch. A platinum-gray Aston Martin DB7 whisks you around town. Your antique scrimshaw-style Une Bit pen. carved from a single petrified dimetrodon penis, is one of a kind. You wear only individually tailored Savile Row suits and Yves Saint Laurent blue blazers in the city, an English Barbour waxed jacket and French-designed green Le Chameau Wellington boots when hunting grouse (with your black Lab from the renowned Drakeshead lineage). At the end of a long day, you kick back and slurp Rémy Martin Louis XIII cognac (\$1,400/bottle) off the nipples of high-priced escorts. And wherever you go, you are tailed by "Mr. Lawson," an employee of yours whose only duty is to peel crisp hundreds off a big pocket wad to quell any disturbances in your wake.

Your Lingo

Almanach de Gotha: The bible of your class, listing all the living members of the European royal houses, reigning and deposed. Wedding-cake royals: Blue bloods with a gauche love of pomp. Your cousins the rockin' Grimaldis of Monaco spring to mind. The Firm: The British royal family. Beak: Teacher at an exclusive private school; later used to describe a boss, should you have the bad fortune to acquire one. F-tit: Freshman at Eton (derogatory term). Oik: Commoner. ("Jeeves, tell that oik he's not to touch the leather.")

Conversation in a Can

If she asks: "Do you own a castle?" You answer: "No, but I do own Castile, a region in Spain. [Wait for confused look] It's a joke, darling."

If she asks: "Aren't old aristocratic families supposed to be all inbred and mutated?" You answer: "Let's just say all my family's jockstraps have to be custom-made." If she asks: "So, how rich are you?" You answer: "No offense, but I find talking about money rather vulgar. Er, would you mind picking up dinner? I never carry cash." If she asks: "Isn't European royalty today just a sad, sordid, soap-opera shadow of a once powerful, dignified tradition?" You answer: "How is your President Clinton

making out these days?"

*Special thanks to Charlotte Pennington, of Harper's & Queen's "Jennifer's Diary" in London.

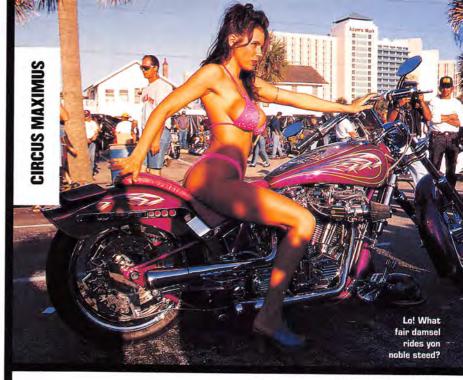
ALL-PURPOSE ANECDOTE

"I guess I blame myself for Diana's death. A lot of people were horrified when she took up with that Dodi chap-his father's in trade, after all. Though I knew she was desperate to get away from those awful media. people, I had no choice but to cancel her invitation to join us at the château that fateful week. You see? I'm the reason she had to hole up at the Ritz. I'm the reason she was in that car, trying to escape those photographers. Plus, I had my friend Bixie order the British Secret Service to run her into the guardrail."



Would the sun rise without it? PURE PREMIUM NOT FROM CONCENTRATE 100% Pure Florida Orange Jui PASTEURIZED Perfect. Absolutely pure.





HARLEY MATTERS

The Easy Rider Reader

To ride or not to ride, that is the question: Ready or not, biker lit kicks into high gear.

Tearing across the literary landscape with flies in their teeth, like Kaiser-helmeted rednecks on chopped hogs, it's biker books: road-hog adventures full of guts, grit, and glory, without too many o' them longass SAT words. These lean, mean short stories and novels, collected by the editor of Easyriders magazine especially "for the Harley rider," are Harlequin

Romances for the tequila-slammin', pool-cue-snappin', knuckle-bustin' set. (Check out www.bikernet.com for samples of these works.) Just for fun, and relying on strong police protection, we compared some of this badass prose with passages in Shakespeare. We hope those biker guys can take a joke. But if we don't put out an issue next month, send someone by to look in on us, wouldja?

ON FVII

■ The Bard: "I am in blood / Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, / Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

-Macbeth, act 3, sc. 4

■ The Badass: "Ray had...sold out solid brothers, stole dope, stole a bro's ol' lady and then cheated on her. He once stabbed

a dude in the guts and took his bike just because he didn't like the fucker's looks." —"Razor Ray's Last Ride," from Cypher's Cycle, by Dave "Phantom" Nichols

ON VALOR

■ The Bard: "...gentlemen in England, now abed, / Shall...hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks / That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

—Henry V. act 4. sc. 3

—nerity v, act 4, sc.

■ The Badass: "Snatching a blood-soaked cue stick from the paws of one of his brothers' hillbilly attackers, he broke it over his knee, tossed the light end at one of the fighters, and began to take batting practice on the cowboys. He broke six arms, three jaws, one kneecap, and never took a hit."

—Outlaw Justice, by K. Randall Ball

ON FIGHTIN'

The Bard: "What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word / As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. / Have at thee, coward!"—Romeo and Juliet, act 1, sc. 1

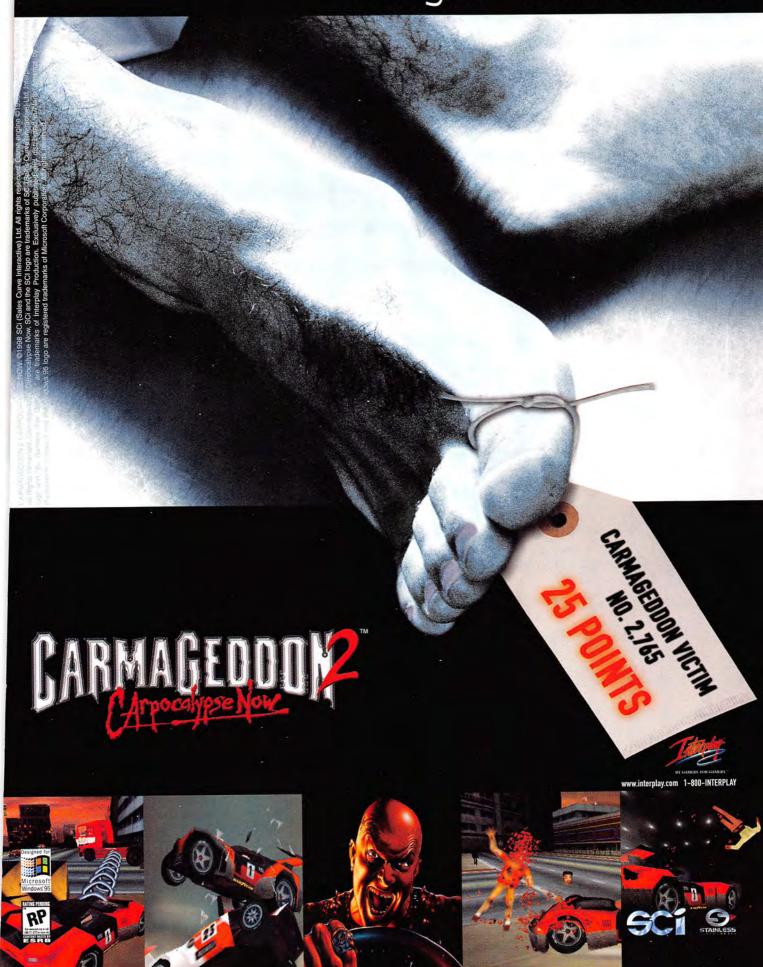
■ The Badass: "'You fucking bikers are all alike,' the gunman said. 'You bastards come into town, raid the bars, and ride off with our women.'"—"Linda Lou," by Myk (inspired by Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Give Me Three Steps")

N LOVIN'

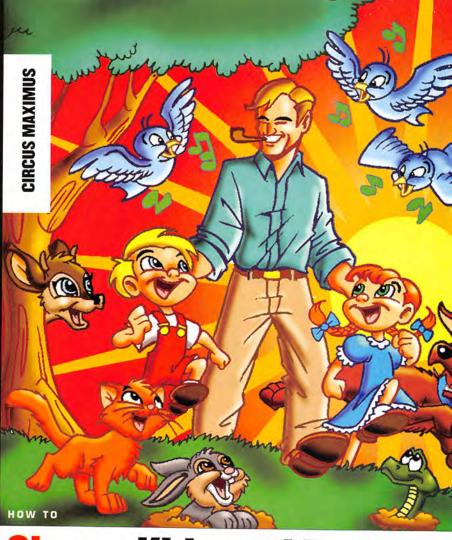
■ The Bard: "If music be the food of love, play on, / Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, / The appetite may sicken, and so die."—Twelfth Night, act 1, sc. 1

■ The Badass: "Listen,' he said, spooning each of them more coke and returning his fingers to her crotch. 'I hope you don't have any objections to having another girl join us.'"—Prize Possession, by K. Randall Ball

Rigor Motorist







Charm Kids and Dogs

They're a gal's final test of your worthiness—get past these li'l nippers and you're home free.

During the holiday season, you're likely to meet her real bullshit detectors: the kids and dogs of her world. Their knack for making you look evil or stupid is powerful. Our experts help you handle 'em:

Look them dead in the eye? Kids: Yes. Dogs: No.

"Eye contact will let the child know you're focusing your interest on them and not treating them casually," says Anita Gurian, senior psychologist at the New York University Child Study Center. But some dogs see staring as a threat, according to Jim Keenan, owner of Keen Dog Training. The trick is to use positive "calming signals" like letting him smell the back of your hand before making eye contact (the part people usually screw up).

Do some homework? Kids: Yes. Dogs: No.

Ask your girlfriend about Junior's interests beforehand, so you'll have something to talk about; he'll be amazed by how cool you are, and she'll appreciate the effort. Dogs, though, all love pretty

much the same things: the satisfying, meaty crunch of a mailman's leg; a declawed cat on a rope; the rich, heady aroma of another dog's ass.

Roll them over on their backs and rub their tummies until their legs start twitching?

Kids: No. Dogs: Yes.

This has long been a favorite trick when making friends with a dog. But do this with a kid and you'll end up on a chain gang.

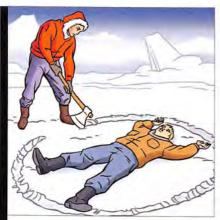
■ Try bribery? Kids: Yes. Dogs: Yes.

"Treats are the quickest way to a dog's heart," admits Keenan, and kids aren't much different. In fact, you should bring your lady friend something, too—you want to score big with everyone. A rawhide bone or squeaky toy earns you points with the mutt; a game that enables a child to amuse himself will give you time to put the moves on your gal.

Play the "Got your nose" game? Kids: Yes. Dogs: No.

Not unless you want to play the "Got your fucking fingers" game, too.











HOW TO

Build an Igloo

If you ever marry an Inuit—hey, it could happen—here's a way to impress the in-laws.

You'll need a spade, a saw, and a machete or an ax. And, of course, you'll be needing some ice, Nanook. Tough igloobuilding ice is usually found a few feet under the soft top layer, so dig down till you find some.

- Design: Draw a big circle in the snow with your machete or ax to mark the basenot too big or the dome will collapse. The Inuit have the tallest member of the party lie on the ground with his arms stretched above his head; this gives a diameter big enough for a three-person igloo.
- Building blocks: Cut building blocks out of the ice as you would turf: They should be eight inches high, a foot wide, and a foot long to start with, and decrease in size as the dome rises. Lift and carry the blocks horizontally. If they break, they're not strong enough. (Inuit tip: Leave them to harden in the freezing wind.)
- The base: Place the bottom blocks around your circle, leaving room for an entrance-d'oh!-which you'll frame with two vertical blocks pointing outward. (At the correct level, you'll span the top of the doorway with a longer block.) Don't worry

yet about gaps between blocks. Once you've formed your base circle, scoop snow out of the center to boost headroom later.

- The walls: Place the second layer of blocks on top of the first, staggering the joints and setting the blocks slightly toward the center so your wall slopes slightly inward. Snow crystals freeze quickly, keeping the blocks from sliding off one another, so go ahead and move on up with a third layer, etc., and keep going until you've formed a dome. The uppermost blocks may need some support to keep from collapsing (a ski or snow shovel will hold them up until your capstones are in place). The last few blocks are dragged inside the igloo and lifted into place.
- The finish: Pack the cracks with snow. and polish the inside surface until it's smooth. Overnight snow that melts and freezes again between the blocks will make the igloo tougher-strong enough for you to stand on top of it. It'll be chilly inside, but just kill a seal, stick a wick made of moss where the sun doesn't shine, light it, and you'll have a toasty home.

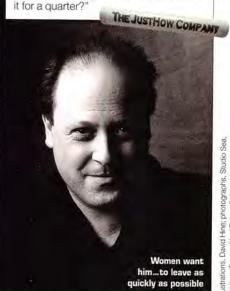
IMAGE IS EVERYTHING

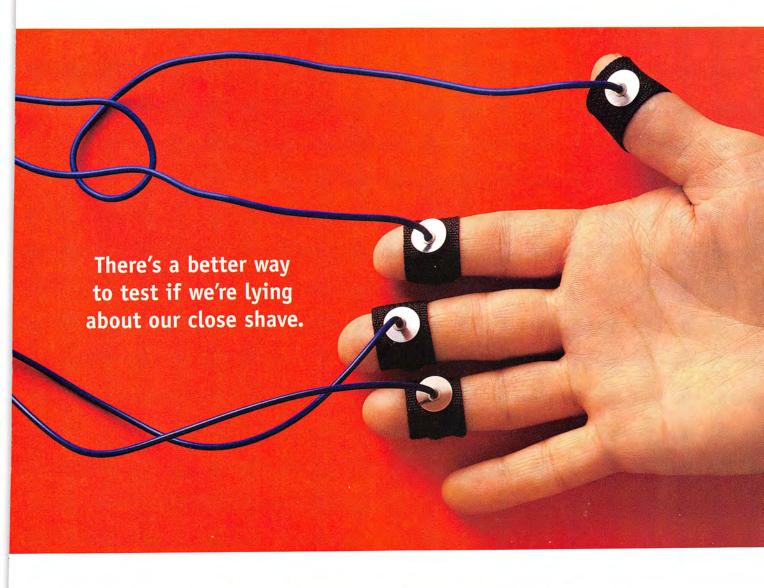
The Ugly Truth

Does your face hurt? Because it's killing us. Time for a professional evaluation.

According to a recent Psychology Today survey, 56 percent of all women and 43 percent of all men are dissatisfied with their appearance, many justifiably so.

But how can you determine whether you're just mildly unattractive or why-is-this-Rottweiler-humping-myleg ugly? The JustHow Company's here to help. Based in Liverpool, England (a rich trove of human hideousness-think Ringo Starr), the company charges \$10 plus postage to appraise a photograph of your face, if you can manage to have one taken without cracking the camera, of course. For a little more, it'll evaluate your entire body (but asks that you don a "swimming costume") and even provide advice on detoxifying your looks. Go to www.justhow.co.uk for the full scoop. We sent along the editor-in-chief's picture (below), which got good marks-the judges described him as "mischievous with a sexy smile." "You'd ask this bloke's advice," they said, "but you'd have to watch out for the odd wind-up!" We thought it was all crap and didn't know what the hell a "wind-up" was, so while the boss was out, we canvassed people out on the street. "Hey," one said, "didn't that guy spit on my windshield and wash.





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just slightly ahead of our time









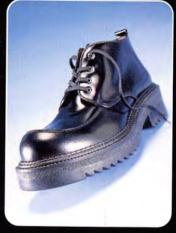












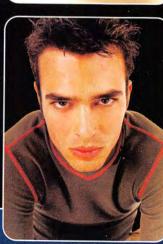


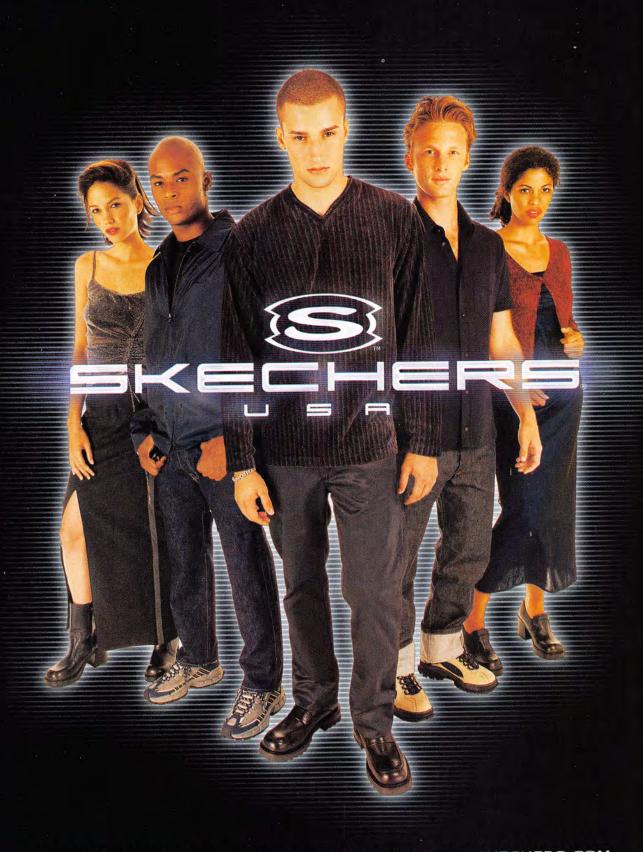












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CHRISTMAS JEER

Don Ho

Ho Ho

Bad Santas

What's black-hearted and white and red all over? It's a troupe of unruly, gun-toting, evil Santas. Lock your chimneys, kids.

You'd better watch out, you'd better not cry...and you'd better get the hell out of Dodge when these red-suited marauders come to town. Meet the Cacophonist Society, a loosely organized band of no-goodniks with affiliates in half a dozen major cities. For four years the group's annual Santacon festivals across the country have featured hundreds of jolly but evil Santa's helpers getting dressed up like Old Saint Nick for a night of ugly, drunken revelry.

Members have been arrested for their deviant ways—check out www.laughingsquid.com/santa for a San Francisco Police Department report on the "Un-Christmas like" exploits of the Santas. Photos on other Web sites show these guys grinning as they're carted away by police. The antics during a typical Santacon: In

San Francisco, a mob of 100 rowdy Santas hassled a crowd of shoppers, then hung one of its own from a lamppost and beat him with candy-cane clubs. After hearing a report that one of the red dudes was armed with a starter pistol, six squad cars and a paddy wagon converged in the middle of a city street to subdue and arrest the wayward paragons of benevolence. The society has been screwing

with the image of Santa only since 1994, but its stunts date back to the late '80s. A classic: Members dressed as dogs and raided a local petfood store, where they roamed around, pretending to pee on the shelves and humping the legs of store employees. To find out more, call (415) 665-0351.

MONEY MATTERS

Two-Bit Creativity

Roll over, George: The U.S. quarter is finally getting a face-lift.

The Washington quarter has looked the same since the Great Depression, when nobody but John D. Rockefeller had two of them to rub together. Now the U.S. Mints are starting a program to replace the exhibitionist eagle on the coin's reverse with state symbols. The mints will issue five new state designs each year for the next 10 years; the Connecticut quarter, the first design unveiled, features the Charter Oak, a Hartford tree wherein those devilish colonists hid the state charter from the British back in 1687. We at Maxim call bullshit on the whole program. Here we suggest more realistic state emblems to jazz up this overhaul.

- New York: Fist with extended middle finger
- California: Smiling flat girl holding breast implants



- with seven wedding rings
- New Jersey: Dump truck
- Arizona: Old-timer on bed next to "flat line" EKG machine
- Idaho: Straitjacketed, bugeyed guy surrounded by homemade bombs
- Delaware: Great big question mark
- Nevada: Angry guy kicking

 ATM machine
- Arkansas: Condom wrapper with presidential seal



THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS EXPLORED BY RICHARD JOLLEY.

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Spider Wrestling

Two arachnids enter; one arachnid leaves.

Ever wonder what kids do for fun in other countries-at least in other countries where assault rifles aren't cheap and plentiful? In the Philippines, they get a couple of big, hairy spiders, put 'em each on a stick, and make the poor suckers fight to the death, or until one has completely wrapped the other in a silky cocoon. The kids usually house their best contestants in matchboxes. and a champion can fetch 100 pesos, or \$2.40. Children find many of

their spiders in trees, but some claim that areas beneath power lines are the happiest hunting ground

In some provinces, spider wrestling has become such a problem-kids spend hours hunting for good "gladiators" at dawn and dusk, often playing hooky or coming to class late-that at least one school superintendent has banned it outright. We're betting he changes his mind after he wakes up with a severed tarantula head in his bed.

Coming next month:

Quebec's turtle hockey, Manhattan's roach steeplechase, and Dubuque, lowa's guinea-pig exercise-ball demolition derby

Hand-to-hand-tohand-to-hand-tohand combat



IT CAME FROM THE WEB

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Finally: A Web site that combines man's two great passions.

Billed as The Mega-Merger between High Finance and High Society, www.sexquotes.com offers you a split-screen view of two of the oldest obsessions there are: money and smut. One side lets you look up your stocks, bonds. and mutual funds by symbol or by name and check



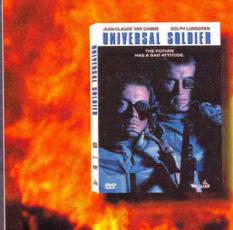


their progress hourly. You can set up as many as five "homepage stocks" and track your millions with a click of the mouse. The other side is a shot of a sweet young thing doing, uh, rather un-Wall Street-like stuff. As a visual aid, a new girlie shot pops up each time you switch to a different stat. Set preferences for blondes, brunettes, or redheads and amateur or professional pictures, and choose a rating from PG (she's fully clothed but provocative) to XXX (she's doing things that would send Howard Stern into cardiac arrest). You'll never have a limp quarter again.

ARTISAN

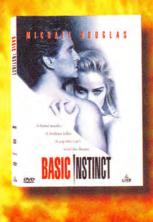






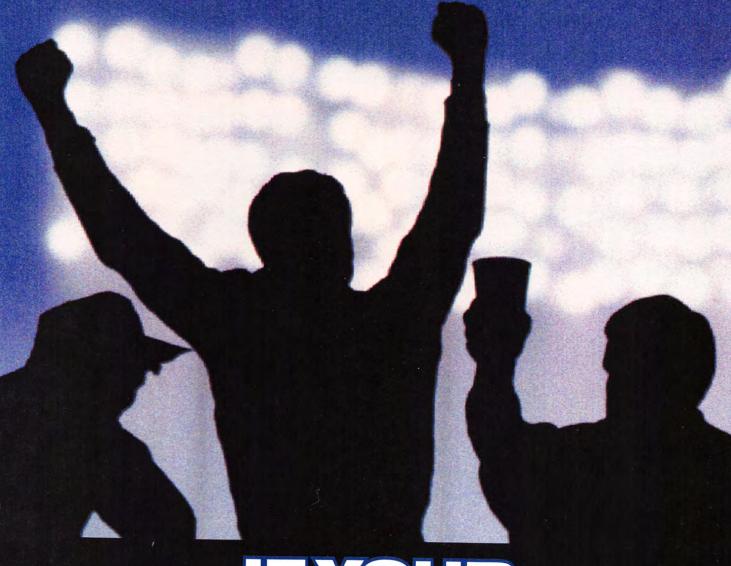






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The F*#@ing Holidays

'Tis the season to get lucky: Women everywhere are looking to get their jingle-bell rocks off before ringing in the New Year. Ho-ho-ho! By Nancy Miller



t had been a rough year. I couldn't afford to go home and see my family, and all my close friends were off being miserable with theirs. My already icy relationship with a boyfriend had become so glacial that two weeks before Christmas, I wanted to bludgeon him with a stocking full of rocks. We hastily exchanged Christmas/see-ya-later gifts: He gave me a handheld blender, I got him a two-day-old pineapple. Merry friggin' Christmas. Worse,

During the holiday season, we consciously toss logic onto the yule log. what awaited me outside was a tidal wave of winter-wonderland nausea: rosy-cheeked couples playfully tossing snowballs at each other as little kids made angels in the snow. Feeling like the Grinch's pathetic dog, I went to a party for holiday orphans at a friend's place across town.

When I got there, I immediately chugged a coupla glasses of nog to summon some Christmas cheer. In the corner, a short guy wearing horn-rimmed Buddy Holly glasses fiddled with the stereo. That Christmas song by the Waitresses came on. He poured two glasses of something red and sauntered over to the couch I had just dropped into. We drank and talked and drank and by 11 o'clock were slow-dancing seniorprom style (basically,

hugging while shuffling back and forth) to Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World." The guy was too short, too shallow, a total poseur, had a dumb laugh, and we were totally mismatched. But that didn't stop me from dragging him into the bedroom and pinning him down on a stack of coats for three blissful hours. I wasn't looking for a relationship or even a date for New Year's Eve. I guess I just wanted...to make the season more immediately bright.

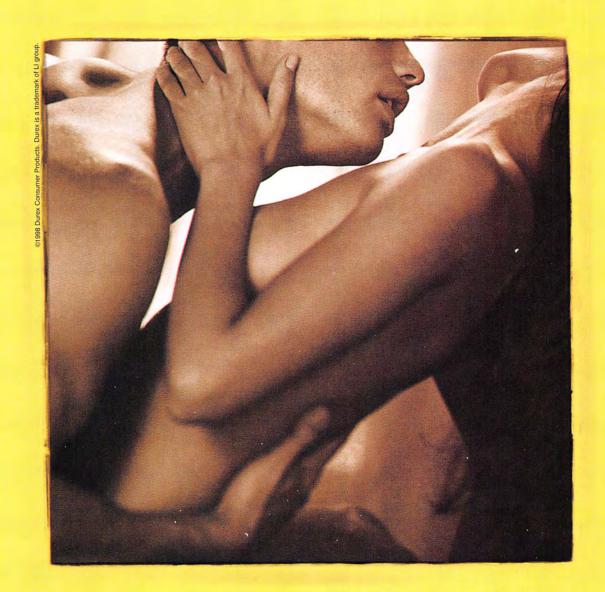
Holiday Rush

The day after Thanksgiving is not important to women because it's the biggest shopping day of the year. Not even close. In reality, that Friday kicks off a month-long spree of maniacal mirth that can make a girl feel like hell if she's single and hasn't had her stocking stuffed since the summer solstice. And somewhere in that month, she's going to try to rectify the situation. So while the December pages are blowing off the calendar, a man's chances of getting merrily mauled are about 1,000 times better than if it were the big countdown to, say, Arbor Day.

Can my theories on holiday horniness be proven by hard science? No. But that big guy with the white beard and the red suit can't be scientifically verified either. Yet we stick him in the centers of shopping malls and let kids sit on his lap anyway.

Which is exactly the point. During the holiday season, we consciously toss logic onto the fire with the yule log. If a woman is swinging solo, she looks back on this year's greatest hits and comes to the startling realization that she simply has not seen enough action to launch a new year. Add to that being all alone during the holidays and her self-pity morphs—granted, irrationally into belligerent defiance as she vows to the bottom of her beer bottle, "I am not going out like a loser!" And what better setup to guarantee that promise's fulfillment than a series of partiesbeginning with the company blowout and ending with the New Year's Eve bacchanal—to supply her with endless possibilities for lascivious looting.

No doubt the hooch is a huge ▷



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NAUGHTY AND NICE

These real women had a lot more than sugarplums dancing in their heads.

"I hadn't seen a lick of action since
Halloween. So New Year's Eve, my friend
and I went to an enormous club, and I started
dancing with this guy. He was a tourist in town for two
days, so I didn't have to worry about him calling to bug
me a week into my new year. We danced all night long
and, of course, went back to my place. I won't give you
the sleazy details, but let's just say the year went out
with a bang."—Erica, 24, New York City

"Last year I was at a New Year's Eve party full of guys, but there wasn't anyone I was that interested in.

At 11:30, my ex-boyfriend Nick walked in. We'd had a friendly breakup; he just wasn't Mr. Right. Then the clock struck midnight. Desperate, I walked up and shamelessly started making out with him, and we spent the night together. The next morning we kissed each other good-bye, and I started off that year with a smile."

—Christina, 29, San Francisco

"In college I worked as a ski coach in Colorado for a week during winter break. All the employees stayed in close quarters, where the girls and guys slept in bunk beds. The sexual tension was insane. On Christmas Eve, after four glasses of spiked eggnog, I pounced on this gorgeous ski instructor who slept a few bunks away. While everyone else was out singing carols, we were having sex in the basement." —Diana, 26, Seattle

"I had just started working at an ad agency when the holidays hit. At the office party I recognized a guy I saw around work a lot. In all honesty, I wasn't really attracted to him before that night, but the liquor and the mistletoe made me feel a little carefree. At one point in the evening, I grabbed him by the shirt and said drunkenly, "I want to kiss you right now." We made out in a corner until we finally took off in a cab. The next day at work, everyone was staring at us. I could barely look at him, I was so mortified. He got a new job a few months later, and though it had nothing to do with me, I was seriously relieved." —Fiona, 29, Newport Beach, CA

He'll reverknow what bit him

part of Noel nookie. Like most pagan rituals, these festivities are kept well lubricated with barrels of booze. I'm willing to wager that 60 percent of a woman's holiday hormones can be tied to her wearing a set of champagne goggles for three weeks. As her cup overfloweth, her standards getteth more, shall we say, liberal (I know my goodwill toward men improves remarkably when I'm stoned on mulled wine and stuffed mushrooms). "It's like the energy behind slutting at weddings," says my friend Jodi, who unabashedly admits to checking the list twice in an effort to guarantee a little extra holiday bell ringing. "You look nice, he looks nice, by sunset you're tanked, and it's like, 'These melon balls are mighty tasty. Let's make out.""

Final Countdown

If nothing pans out before the end of December, all roads inevitably lead to New Year's, the big daddy that rules in holiday bootyland. "If you haven't managed to score some lovin' in the Thanksgiving-Christmas period, you are going to make damned sure that you see some action on New Year's Eve," claims my coal-receiving friend Katerina. "At least I am. At least I did last year." Katerina, a literary agent with legendary-though apparently seasonal—reserve, recalls last year: "It had been a while since I'd hooked up with someone, and I really wanted something before the end of the year. There was a guy friend at this party, and as the night wore on, I became wildly attracted to him. I was a little drunk, which made me brave enough to make sure he kissed me at midnight to get things rolling. Things did, and we wound up spending the night together. I remember thinking to myself as we rolled around, Ahhh, mission accomplished.

So if the last guy a girl made out with was the one who bought her the Saint Paddy's pint o' Guinness, she is, without question. looking for someone with whom to hop in the one-horse open sleigh before the year is officially over.

Popping the Cork

Which leads me to the greatest part. What really ends up fueling many holiday hookups is that in most women's minds, these liaisons simply don't count. 'Tis the season to be jolly, or Dolly, or Vixen, or whoever you want to be, because anything goes, anyone is an option, and all is forgivenand forgotten-come January 1. And thus the next batch of 365 days begins with a clean slate and an equally clear conscience. Yes, I will admit that I did go home with the company-party caterer who smelled like sugar cookies, but were I ever forced to confront my actions and take responsibility for my holiday hussiness, I, like most women, would put my hand on my hip and defiantly cop to temporary insanity.

So if you want to get in on the holiday ho-hos, it's simple:
Be there. It's cold outside, the punch bowl is filled to the brim, and Nat King Cole is piping out of the stereo. Pour a couple of glasses of the good stuff and park your elf ass next to the wanton woman who wouldn't give you an ounce of sweat in the heat of summer. She is likely measuring your potential as a last hurrah to keep her warm till 1999.

And sure, these year-end trysts rarely make it to Martin Luther King Day, but isn't that what the holidays are all about? Giving, receiving, checking out what you got, and if it's not what you wanted, exchanging it for something else within 30 days. Happy f°#@ing holidays, fellas.

Maxim's "Says Her" columnist, Nancy Miller, wants to take on your most pressing sex questions—great and small—to be answered in the March issue. So send your hopefully not-too-painfully-burning questions to Maxim "Says Her," P.O. Box 13S, Edison, NJ 08818-9701. Nancy promises to think about each one of you in your underpants as she composes her answers.



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How Much You Got in Your Pocket?

They say it's never polite to discuss money. Well, tough shit. Nearly 1,400 fearless readers broke that rule when they responded to our survey. Here's a rare chance to peek inside your friends' wallets.



1) How much money do you usually carry in your wallet?

asadily carry in your v	valleti
a. \$1-\$10	10%
b. \$10-\$50	60%
c. \$50-\$100	24%
d. More than \$100	6%

Sixty percent of our respondents typically pack just enough green for a

HOW MUCH DO YOU PLAN
TO SPEND/DID YOU SPEND
ON AN ENGAGEMENT RING?
a. Less than \$1,000 8%
b. \$1,000-\$1,500 44%
c. \$1,500-\$3,000 44%
d. \$3,000-\$5,000
e. More than \$5,000

meal, a movie, and a couple of beers.
That's probably a wise move—carry too much cash around and you get that paranoid expression on your face that screams, "Please mug me!"

2) What's the smallest amount of money you'll stop to pick up off the street?

ou mic ou cce.	
a. A penny	24%
b. A nickel	19%
c. A dime	18%
d. A quarter	32%
e. A dollar	7%

Twenty-four percent of you bend over for pennies. But you're just doing it for good luck, not because you actually need the cash, right? Right? Nearly a third of our respondents won't stoop for anything less than a quarter, which, at press time, still bought you one phone call (in some states), two minutes of a bad video game, or three Jolly Rancher candies.

3) Will you spend money on a woman if you're not interested in her emotionally but want to sleep with her?

a. Yes	30%
b. No	70%

Underneath that hardened, sarcastic exterior, the *Maxim* reader is a gentle soul. For 70 percent of you, it takes more than purely prurient interest to make you nosedive into your wallet; there must also be some emotional tug. Of course, in the case of Yasmine Bleeth, legs qualify as an emotional tug.

4) What's the highest salary range you think you'll achieve?

a. \$35,000-\$50,000	6%
b. \$50,000-\$75,000	18%
c. \$75,000-\$100,000	21%
d. \$100,000-\$200,000	28%
e. \$200,000-\$300,000	10%
f. \$300,000-\$500,000	17%

The good news is that the American Dream is alive and well: The majority of you see a future in which you'll have enough cash to support a wife, kids, and a mild-to-serious drug habit. In fact, more than half of you expect to earn six figures a year. Unfortunately, based on the Census Bureau's 1996 report on money income, only about 15 percent of us end up making 75 grand or more. Your strategy? Marry rich.

5) How much do you spend on booze each week?

TOTAL GUOIT WEEK.	
a. \$0	11%
b. \$10	24%
c. \$15-\$30	39%
d. \$35-\$60	16%
e. \$75	10%

Eleven percent of our readers appear to be teetotalers...or haven't yet made the necessary connections to get kamikazes delivered to their cells.

6) How much credit card debt do you have at the moment?

a. \$0	29%
b. \$100-\$500	16%
c. \$500-\$1,500	17% ⊳

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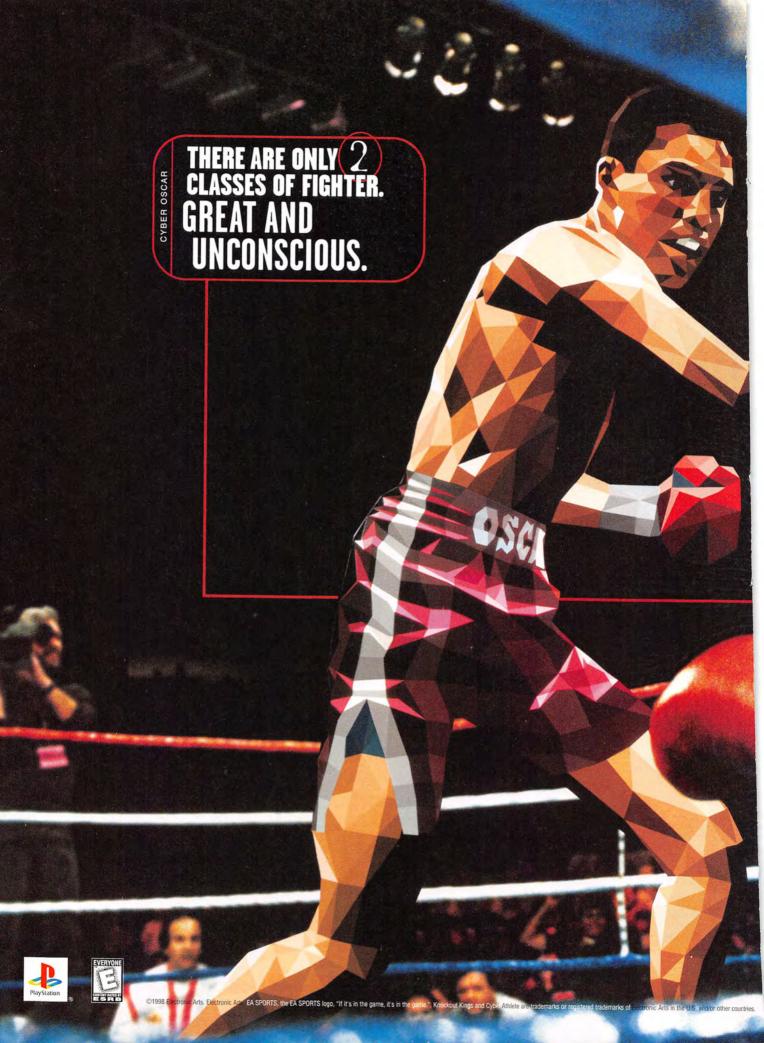
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A quarter of our readers bend over for a penny.

d. \$1,500-\$3,000	17%
e. \$3,000-\$6,000	10%
f. \$6,000-\$10,000	6%
g. \$10,000-\$20,000	4%
h. More than \$20,000	1%

Congrats to the 29 percent of our respondents who have spankin'-clean credit! The average American cardholder, on the other hand, owes \$1,700 to credit card companies. according to the American Banking Association. If you're among the 71 percent who carry debt, here's the first thing you need to do to claw your way out: Go find your scissors and snip up a couple of your credit cards. "Most people in debt have five to six credit cards," says John Ventura, a bankruptcy lawyer and author of The Credit Repair Kit. "Start paying them off. beginning with the card with the highest interest rate. Then get rid of all but one-there's no good reason to have more than one card."



WHAT'S THE a. \$100-\$300 10% b. \$300-\$500 45% C. \$500-\$1,000 30% d. More than \$1,000 15%

7) Would you tell a close friend how much you make?

u. 165	00%
b. No	12%
It's time to shitcan that old cor	vention
that says it's never proper to d	iscuss
how much you earn (one notal	
exception: when the dinner che	
on the table). After all, compari	

 After all, comparing salaries is a good way to get a reality check on how badly your boss is screwing you. And after a long week and five beers, you have to bitch to somebody about something, right?

8) How much do you usually tip on a \$100 dinner?

a. \$10	8%
b. \$15	27%
c. \$20	43%

d. More than \$25, in hopes of bagging the cute waitress 22% After a tasty steak, several glasses of a good cabernet, and a few hours with a date whose body language says you're cleared for a naked landing on her futon, some guys are willing to give up a 50 percent tip. But Maxim readers are a restrained and well-mannered bunch. A healthy 43 percent will leave the appropriate \$20 (assuming the service was tops). As for the 8 percent who leave only \$10, don't continue to embarrass vourselves. Try visiting www.cis.columbia.edu/tipping, a Web site that tells you correct tips on everything from barbers to bellhops.

9) On average, how much do you keep in your checking account?

a. Less than \$500	31%
b. \$500-\$1,500	39%
c. \$1,500-\$5,000	25%
4 \$5 000-\$10 000	20/

e. \$10,000-\$25,000

f. More than \$25,000

Almost a third of our respondents have less than \$500 in their checking accounts, but that doesn't mean they're writing rubber. Some may be following the kind of advice espoused by Eileen Dorsey, a St. Louis-based member of the Institute of Certified Financial Planners. "Basically you want to stay just above the minimum balance, so keep \$500 to \$1,000 over the amount of checks you write each month," she says. By putting the extra cash in a money-market account. Dorsev explains, you'll earn an additional 2 percent, and maybe more.

10) How do you stack the bills in your wallet?

a. The biggest bills in front 10% b. The biggest bills in back 62% c. Chaos reigns 28%

Most wallets are highly ordered universes ruled by a caste system in which the big guns stay toward the rear. In fact, it doesn't matter which system you subscribe to, as long as you have one: It cuts down on the possibility that you'll hand someone a fifty when you meant to fork over a fiver.

11) How much of your salary do you contribute to your 401(k)?

a. Haven't quite gotten around to that yet 25% b. 1%-2% 22% c. 3%-4% 29% d. 5%-6% 17%

e. 10% or more

For a good 47 percent of our respondents, it's a safe bet that investing in Friday night is a bigger priority than investing in their retirement. But it pays to get started early-especially if your company matches your contributions. According to Fidelity Investments, if you start shoveling \$100 per paycheck into your 401(k) at age 20, when you're a drooling, doddering 65-yearold you'll have \$1,064,932 to fall back on. Start making the same payments when you're 30 and you'll only have \$462,584.

12) The last time you rolled your loose change and took it to the bank, how much did you have?

a. Less than \$20 30% b. \$20-\$50 40% c. \$50-\$100 15% d. More than \$100 15%

When you were a kid, rooting in Dad's change jar was a joy, especially since you could cop enough quarters to live for a year in Bangladesh. Now counting and rolling falls squarely into the pain-in-the-ass category. Despite that, 70 percent of you still dirty your hands with the task relatively often-when there's \$50 or less to be rolled. Here's a timesaver: Visit www.coinstar.com, where you'll find more than 4,400 locations nationwide that have those fancy coin-counting machines you see advertised on TV.

13) How much would you lend a good friend?

a. Up to \$50	7%
b. Up to \$100	24%
c. Up to \$500	21%
d. Up to \$1,000	26%
e. Whatever he needed	22%
Twenty two percent of our re	adore are

Twenty-two percent of our readers are major suckers.

14) If a scalper were to offer you a pair of 50-yard-line tickets to a Super Bowl in which your favorite team was playing, how high would you go?

 No more than \$1,000 	73%
b. \$1,000-\$2,000	27%
c. \$2,000 or more	0%

More than a quarter of you are willing to ante up at least a grand for the seats—a noble sacrifice, but nothing compared with what Fred Flores, of Gilbert, Arizona, did in 1996 to win Super Bowl tickets from a radio station. Flores covered himself in peanut butter and feathers, then dove headfirst into 2,000 pounds of manure. And to be sure he'd win, he did it twice. Just thought you'd like to know.

15) How much cash do you bring on a date?

a. \$25-\$50	59%
b. \$50-\$100	26%
c. \$100-\$200	10%
d. More than \$200	5%

You're standing at the ATM on your way to meet a date and find yourself having to respond to PLEASE ENTER CASH AMOUNT. Should you withdraw enough for a nice bottle of wine? Enough for a hotel room? Enough to replace the bed in the hotel room? Most of you stay below \$100, more than half of you below \$50. Of course, most of you also pack credit cards, personal checks, and Mom's phone number.

16) What's the most you've ever placed on a single bet?

a. Less than \$5	2%
b. \$5-\$25	6%
c. \$25-\$50	30%
d. \$50-\$100	29%
e. \$100-\$250	24%
f. More than \$500	9%

The biggest group of you stakes \$25 to \$50 on a bet—the exact amount you bring on a date. A coincidence, surely.

HAVE YOU EVER SECRETLY ADDED MONEY TO A TIP SOMEONE ELSE LEFT BECAUSE

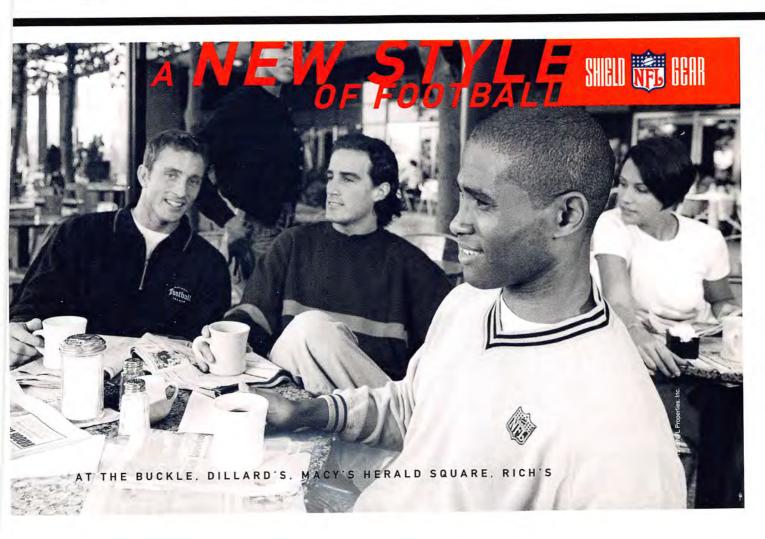
IT WASN'T ENOUGH?

a. Yes 79% **b.** No 21%

17) What is your current life savings?

a. What savings?	29%
b. Less than \$1,000	17%
c. \$1,000-\$5,000	22%
d. \$5,000-\$10,000	14%
e. \$10,000-\$25,000	8%
f. \$25,000-\$50,000	6%
g. More than \$50,000	4%

Apparently the amount of money standing between most respondents and a cardboard ceiling isn't much more than a few grand. Not to worry; you've got plenty of time to get disgustingly rich. According to the best-selling book The Millionaire Next Door: The Surprising Secrets of America's Wealthy, the average millionaire is a 57-year-old married man with three kids, an old car, a \$320,000 home, and an income of \$131,000 a year. If you're lucky, he's also your father.



Draft Dodger

Every man dreams of playing professional hoops. With delusions of grandeur—and absolutely no skills—average yutz Jake Bronstein takes his best shot at the NBA draft.



pick up the phone and call Rod Thorn, the NBA's senior vice president of basketball operations. His secretary answers.

Secretary: Rod Thorn's office.

Me: This is Allen Jake Bronstein.
S: Yes?

M: It's about the draft. Do you think I'll go in the first round or the second? My mother thinks my rotator cuff should heal by early next year, so if one of the better teams picks me up late in the first round, then there's less pressure for me to start right off.

S: Excuse me?

M: Also, I'd rather not play with Kobe, so if you could just mention that to the Lakers.

S: [no response]

M: So, is Rod in?

S: [hangs up]

I guess rookies always get pushed around.

Ready for the Big League

It has always been my dream to play in the NBA.

But last week, as I dribbled up and down my regular concrete court, I came to a realization: My dream is slipping away from me. My athletic prowess is at its peak, and there's no reason I should be wasting my God-given talent on junior high school players, no matter how convincingly they can dunk. I am ready to step up. The NBA draft is just around the corner. It is my time. I can feel it.

I make a few phone calls and find out that declaring your eligibility for the draft is simple. You're not required to have played ball in high school (which I didn't) or in college (which I don't). You're not even required to submit a recommendation from a coach (I coach myself).

Just about anybody in high school or college is eligible. All I have to do is send a letter stating my desire to enter the NBA pool to the commissioner's office. So I mail it, and a few days later an application arrives. The form consists of a series of

questions designed to "further evaluate your application." Filling it out is no problem: Name (Allen Jake Bronstein), Height (6'3"), Weight (162 pounds), Position (any that is available). I take my time writing out the answers, because I'm sure the teams give due consideration to penmanship.

Question 30-which asks me to describe "statistics and any other relevant information relating to your basketball playing history" is my chance to break out from the pack. I'm sure a lot of guys embellish the truth a bit here, but I decide there's no need for that, my credentials being what they are: Injured my rotator cuff, and twice players from rival teams broke my jaw, but I never missed more than three consecutive games! Also, can palm ball for short periods of time if the conditions are right (bone-dry ball, dry palms, low air pressure in ball).

My Future Teams?

The NBA is distinctly impressed: Within two weeks I receive notification that my name has been submitted to every team for the 1998 draft. Clearly I'm creating a buzz. Anxious to find out what the NBA suits are saying about me, I decide to log a few calls.

First up, the Knicks. After 15 minutes on hold, I'm finally transferred to an assistant in the team's front office.

Assistant: Hello! I hear you have some questions about the draft. **Me:** Yeah, I was wondering who the Knicks are looking at.

A: Well, we haven't made any decisions yet. We're keeping our options open.

M: I'm told you have your eyes on a player named Allen Bronstein.

A: I'm not at liberty to talk





YEAR END BONUS



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inside FS reinforces the breathtaking exterior.



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So, if music is a big part of getting you through the day—and making the night feel right, JVC FS Music Systems are the perfect 24 hour companion.



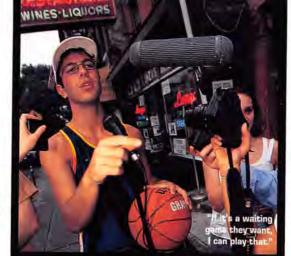
specifics at this time. We do have our eyes on a lot of players.

M: So there *is* a possibility that Bronstein will be wearing orange and blue?

A: Like I said, anything is possible. [Lots of mumbling as he talks to someone with his hand over the receiver] Uh, I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to cut this short.

It sounds like playing for New York is a pretty strong possibility, which is good since I already live here. I know how New York ball is played, and my street-smart style could be just the thing to boost the Knicks' playoff prospects.

I call Philadelphia next. I grew up in Philly and wouldn't mind heading home if I had to. Pat Croce, part owner of the 76ers, seems the most logical place to start: no point dealing with yesmen when you can go straight to the top. His assistant answers.



Assistant: Pat Croce's office.

Me: Mr. Croce, please.

A: And you are ...

M: Allen Jake Bronstein. He'll know what it's in reference to.

A: He's ... out of the office.

M: Well, maybe you can help me.

A: Uh, yes ...

M: Have you overheard my name around the office?

A: I'm sorry, I'm not really the person you want to talk to.

M: Well, would Pat be more inclined to hire a local boy for a position or an out-of-towner?

A: I'm really not the one you want to talk to, but I know he *does* have a lot of hometown pride.

M: That's what I wanted to hear.
Just tell him I called. I'm sure he
has my number handy.

"Hometown pride." A good sign. That should give me a leg up on the competition. Time to ring L.A. and see what kind of heat I'm building on the West Coast.

Receptionist: Lakers.

Me: Coach Del Harris, please.
R: He's unavailable. Is there someone else you can talk to?
M: This is Allen Jake Bronstein.
Page him. I know he'll be happy to hear from me.

R: I'm sorry...

M: Allen. Jake. Bronstein. Come on—I've got my own fragrance already. Made it myself. Does Del have his own extension, so we won't have to go through all this the next time I call?

R: [no response]

M: Seriously, this is a long-distance call. Could you put me through, please?

R: [click]

Oh, well. Maybe she hasn't heard of me. (Wonder if she's heard of that Grant Hill guy.)

Workin' the Media

Obviously I have to stir up a media frenzy to ensure I'll be picked in the first round. What I need is an old-fashioned press conference: That will definitely make Bronstein a household name. I draw up a press release, touting my flashy street style, then fax it to 50 newspapers, radio stations, and TV affiliates listed in the yellow pages. I also invite several friends, just to fill in some of the gaps in case all 50 journalists don't show.

Unfortunately, no one tells me that on the very same day as my media event, there is a dog show in Manhattan. I guess dogs are pretty popular in New York: Not one of the press personnel I invite shows up. As a matter of fact, few of my friends even come. I had no idea my girlfriend was such an animal lover.

There's nothing left to do but wait, pack my bags, and be ready to move for the start of next season. I don't have the cash to go to Vancouver and attend the draft, so instead I watch on TV. Michael Olowokandi and Mike Bibby are the first to be selected—they must have picked better dates for their press conferences than I did.

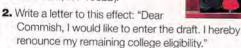
The first round comes and goes without a team choosing me. The second round starts with Ansu Sesay (picked by Dallas) and ends with Maceo Baston (Chicago), and still no team rep steps up to the podium and utters the name Bronstein. Must be a clerical error. I wait for the third round, knowing I will soon be a professional player. But it turns out there isn't a third round: 58 players are chosen, and I am not among them.

That's OK. The NBA's losing its luster, what with all the bickering and lockouts. And besides, the NFL draft is only 10 months away.

NBA MADE EASY

Your step-by-step guide to applying for the draft.

 Address an envelope to the Commissioner of the NBA (National Basketball Association, Olympic Tower, 645 Fifth Avenue, 10th floor, New York, NY 10022).



- 3. Within two weeks you'll receive a short application. Is it better to use a felt-tip or a ballpoint pen to fill it out? According to Andy Taub, NBA legal services manager, "it doesn't really matter."
- 4. The letter renouncing your eligibility must be post-marked 45 days prior to the draft, which is held at the end of June. Just to be safe, mail it no later than May 1. Although Taub claims that envelope size 'doesn't really matter, either," *Maxim* advises that you not mess around: Use a six-by-eleven-inch envelope, which will allow you to fold the application in half as opposed to in thirds. You don't want the Commish to have to do any unnecessary unfolding.
- 5. That's it. Of course, if you've already graduated from college, none of this applies; you're considered a free agent and your only hope of playing ball is to get yourself a hotshot sports agent. For this, Maxim recommends David Falk, of the FAME agency, who represents other former long shots, like Michael Jordan.

-Renée Kaplan

hotographs, James Leynes/SABA; Superstock (basketball hoop); Jed Jacobsohn/Alls amien Donck (draft form)

ARE YOU FAN ENOUGH?



The new sports game show that challenges your manhood.

Challenge. Take the

The irreverent game show that tests the sports trivia knowledge of teams competing from across the country. Are you fan enough?

Questions

- 1 He won a scoring title and a pair of championships with the ABA Pacers but had trouble adjusting to the orange ball in the NBA. Name the former Seventy-Sixer forward.
- 2 Even a foreign exchange student knows Kareem led the NBA in personal fouls, but which bruiser nicknamed "Tiger" holds the NHL record for the most career penalty minutes?
- 3 Name the portly Pirate catcher who was nicknamed "Spanky" probably because "Pudge" and "Fat-Ass" were already taken?

Results

- 3 correct answers: Ready for the UFL.
- 2 correct answers: Can't believe you bricked that one. Watch UFL.
- I correct answer: On Waivers.
- O correct answers: Try sewing.

Weeknights, 5:30pm & 12:30am

ck your local FOX Sports Net Affiliate

answers: 1. George McGinnis, 2. Dave "Tiger" Williams, 3. Mike LaValliere















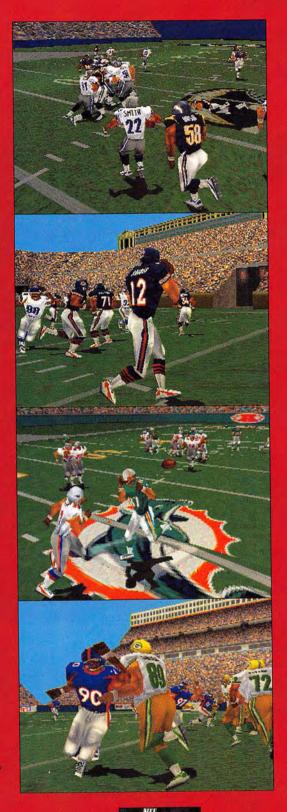


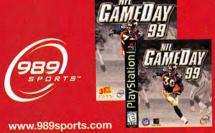
E WENT 92 YARDS, BROKE TWO
TACKLES, JUKED ONE CORNER AND BLEW
THE NUMBERS OFF THE FREE SAFETY.
C'MON, LET THE GUY DANCE.



than NFL GameDay '99. This year, we've given NFL GameDay '99 a stadium full of new features, like all-new graphics and gameplay, brilliant sportscasting by Dick Enberg and Phil Simms, and Authentic Football Intelligence," a new innovation which has players thinking and reacting just like they do in the pros. NFL GameDay '99 by 989 Sports. Take a few snaps and you'll see why it's the best-selling football game around.

GAMEDAY 99





How to Lie on Your Resumé

We're not talking tweaking, we're talking overhauling—and getting away with it.

By Roy Furchgott

ere you ever beaten out of a job because a competitor padded his resumé? Let's go to the stats: In a poll of 150 hiring executives at large companies, the execs estimated that nearly 30 percent of all job candidates fudge on their resumés. It's actually worse than that, says Patricia Gillette, a San Francisco lawyer who has investigated hundreds of resumés while defending companies against former employees. "Probably 90 percent of the time, people lie on their resumé," she says. We figure that means 60 percent of the job force lies and gets away with it.

Now, we wouldn't suggest you even the odds by joining the ranks of resumé cheats yourself. There are names for people who do that: Devious. Underhanded. Dishonest. Employed.

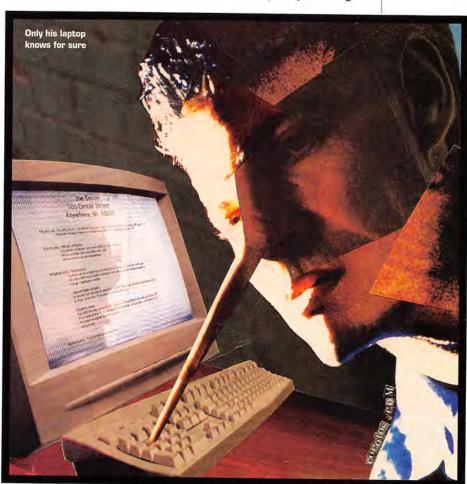
Here's how they do it.

Gauging Your Prey

Even a lousy liar might be able to pull a fast one on a tiny company. But more and more large companies are using professional preemployment checkers, such as Research Associates, Inc., in Cleveland. RAI exposed 17 percent of the 13,000 job applicants it screened last year, finding that they had lied about college degrees, credit problems, criminal records, or why they left their last jobs. Smoke out the employers that use checkers by saying, "I'd like to tell my references who will be calling. Will you call, or will you use a service?" If it's a service, liars throttle back. If not, it's full speed ahead.

Customizing Your Experience

Ninety-two percent of all employers contact potential employees' former supervisors, according to a recent survey by the Society for



Human Resource Management. So, suppose the position you're applying for requires experience in management—and not just of your golden retriever. Some resumé cheats create false references that are difficult to check. Jim Petersen, the Cleveland-based publisher and author of How to Lie on Your Resume—and Get the Great Job You Want! (Ariza Research Press, 1998), found a way to do this when a computer company he worked for went belly up. "About a half-dozen of us stood around the parking lot and agreed to act as supervisors to give references for each other," he recalls. Petersen always gave a fellow conspirator a ring before a recruiter was going to call, to

make sure they had their story straight ("Jim was a model manager—although he tends to put in too many hours...").

Plastering Over the Holes

Say you spent two years "trying to find yourself" (in other words, boogie boarding in Sumatra): Petersen says you can mend the gap by claiming to have worked for a small company that is out of business, or for a now shuttered division of an existing firm. Or, he suggests, look in business and trade magazines for obits of executives, one of whom you can claim to have had as a boss.

If your employment gap is only about six months, resist the urge to tack three months onto the

"We all agreed to act as supervisors and give references for each other."

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The Mail-Drop Maneuver

Petersen has also schooled people in ways to create nearly uncheckable references from large multinational companies.

Create a mail drop—such as a rental box at a Postman Plusthat accepts mail addressed to behemoth organizations. "AT&T is my favorite; it's large, decentralized, and hard to track down " Petersen says. A cheat gives a recruiter the mail drop and the name and number of a fictitious supervisor. If the recruiter calls the given reference, a "secretary" he's set up (a friend who has a good poker voice) says the company's policy is to respond by letter only. Mail sent to the fictitious supervisor is forwarded to the cheater, who then writes his own recommendation.

"People believe paper documentation," says Petersen. He's no bullshitter. The Society for Human Resource Management

You can fool a computer into listing you as a qualified candidate.

study found that only 30 percent of all people hiring verify the authenticity of references in letters provided by candidates.

Scanning Your Way in the Door

Rather than read every stinking resumé that comes in the mail. many companies first scan them into a database, then enter keywords, like M.B.A., to create a list of qualified applicants. You can trick the computer, says Yana Parker, author of The Damn Good Resume Guide (Ten Speed Press, 1996). If the job requires an M.B.A., Parker suggests you write in your skills summary, "I may not have a graduate degree, but I do have a school-of-the-real-world M.B.A." The computer spots the word M.B.A. and puts you on the list. If the company then calls you in, it's up to you to sweet-talk your way into the gig itself.

The College Question

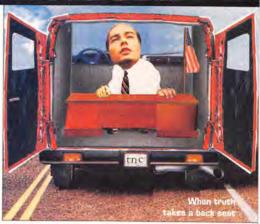
College credentials are the most frequently faked and most inflated resumé data and therefore among those checked most often-61 percent of the time, according to the Society for Human Resource Management survey. "We've often done checks on very high-level people and found they don't have a college degree," says Dean Kutz, vice president of RAI, the preemployment investigator. If even "high-level people," who've presumably been out of school for years, are being checked out, best not bump your alma mater up from bush league to Ivy League.

As we've stated, we don't advocate lying on a resumé, but we understand why some cheaters do so. First, lying on your resumé isn't illegal, unless maybe you claim to be a lawyer, stockbroker, or gynecologist, then actually set up shop. Busted cheaters remain free to take their resumés elsewhere. Second, although the truth will set you free, so will a personnel department that doesn't like your resumé. M

TRICKING OUT

How to juice up your job descriptions so well, you'd hire you.

The key to making a junk job look like a jewel, say the experts, is in focusing not on what you did but on the skills the job required and the experience you gained. Herewith, some examples of menial tasks, the acceptable spins (actually recommended by professional resumé writers), and the very nearly fictional versions. Go with the third if you have the nads.



WHAT YOU REALLY DID	THE SPIN	THE TWIST
Fetched coffee for the boss (Kona, sugar and cinnamon, no cream) every morning.	Am punctual and pay strict attention to detail. "I am not a gofer!"	Purchased imported product and created a stimulating work environment.
Ran the copier.	Have an aptitude for technological procedures and systems.	Managed an in-house boutique-publishing firm.
Filed papers.	Designed office procedures; collected, organized, and compiled data.	Am an efficiency expert.
Picked up the boss' dry cleaning.	Provided administrative sup- port including organizing and maintaining personal agendas.	Was responsible for the company's public image.
Was the receptionist.	Handled customer and executive inquiries.	Acted as ambassador for the company.
Loaded trucks in a warehouse.	Managed inventory and assisted in warehouse layout and design (hey, you did move a box that blocked an aisle).	Served as U.S. Secretary of Transportation.

Have ye a good head on thy shoulders?

Don't get used to it.

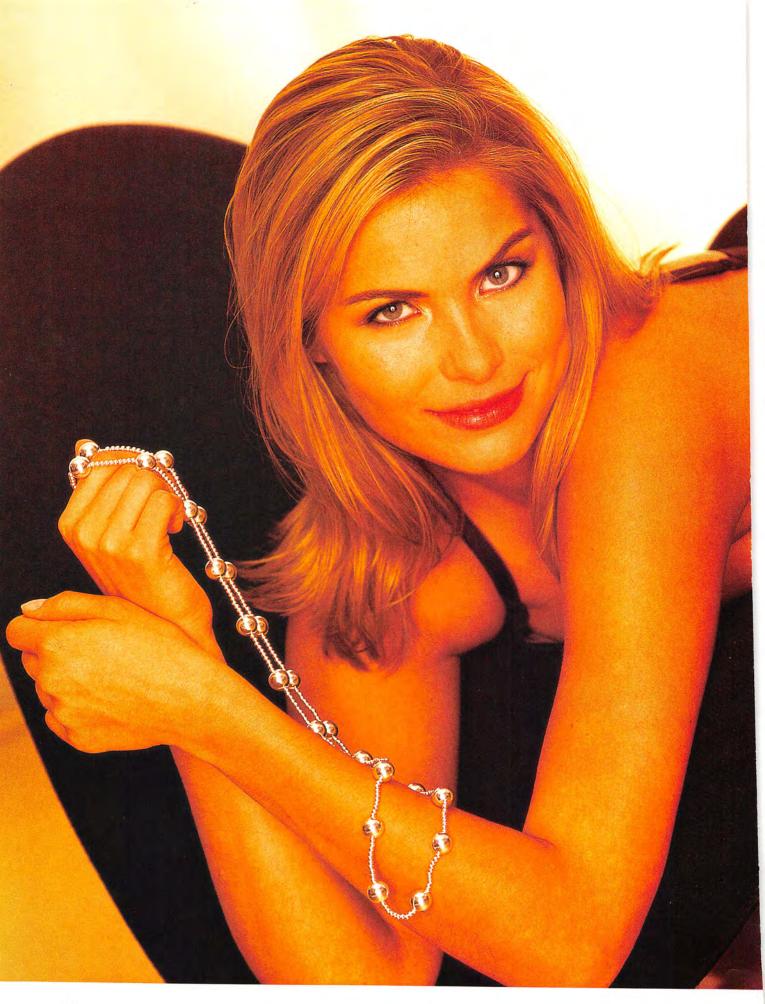


he most anticipated game of all time cometh to Nintendo 64.
So use thy head or lose thy head. 'Tis carnage for the thinking man!



Zelba. Have ye what it takes?







THE SAVE-YOUR-ASS GUIDE

Haven't started thinking about Christmas gifts yet? Fear not, pal, your shopping nightmare just got 10,000 times easier. On the following pages you'll find dozens of dropdead gifts—all with phone numbers, all shippable at a moment's notice. No need to thank us.

By Amy Spencer and Judy Dutton

o you know what hell is? Hell is what your life will be when your girlfriend dashes to the den on Christmas morning to find nothing but the bouquet of flowers you picked up 10 minutes before. You shouldn't, of course, buy a gift only out of fear. You should buy it for the payback. The perfect gift will be repaid a hun-

dred times in all sorts of ways: Your father will finally consider you an adult and lend you the \$5,000 you need to buy a dune buggy, your boss will recall your good decision-making skills come raise time, and your girlfriend...well, you know. So turn the page, break out the Visa, and take care of business.



FOR BUDDIES AND BROTHERS

Your pal bailed you out of many a jam this year (remember the Rufino twins?); here's how to show your gratitude. And your bro? You owe him something for those years of ass-kickings.

Heat Seeker \$54

Ever since your amigo vacationed in Mexico, he's been boasting about his ability to withstand the hottest of hot sauces. See how much he can really take by sending him Taste the Pain's Ultimate Pack, which contains nine sauces including Sharkbite, Pure Hell, and 911 Hot Sauce. Or



create your own blistering gift pack from their stock; consider including Dave's Gourmet Insanity Sauce, which was banned from a 1993 Fiery Foods show in Albuquerque, New Mexico, when a customer hyperventilated after trying it. (Taste the Pain, 888-747-7246)

Easy Pickin's \$299

There once was a man named Jimmy Page, who owned a Gibson Les Paul guitar. He played with a band called Led Zeppelin, had sex with hundreds of groupies, treated his body like a toxic-waste dump, and, appropriately, became a god. Unfortunately, your brother can't play guitar worth shit, but you can let him fantasize with a Les Paul PeeWee. It measures just 29 inches, but its neck is as wide as the one on the real thing, so he can still practice his fret work. The nine-volt amp will let him rock, a legend in his own mind. (Epiphone, 800-444-2766)



Slice of Heaven \$40

Now that 7-Eleven sells six-packs of microbrew, Beer of the Month is a bore. But you can still treat your pal to a little indulgence by having a single deep-dish pizza and two thin-crust specialty pizzas delivered right to his doorstep. We're talkin' about gourmet pies like Shrimp Teriyaki and Chicken Burrito. If he can't preheat an oven and wait 15 minutes, he's not worthy of your bon-vivant taste. (Gourmet Pizza

Chips Ahoy \$135

Your dear old pal will feel better about losing his house, his wife, and his life-insurance policy after you give him these handmade clay poker chips. The magnificent medallions are from Atlantic Standard Molding, the company that made chips for the Flamingo (the first legal casino in Las Vegas). Now Atlantic Standard will

make them for you. For \$135,

you get 300 chips; double the price and it'll even use your own custom design. (Atlantic Standard Molding, 888-797-2200)



MP START \$125-\$200



Your brother thinks he lives on the edge when he rides his bike without a helmet. but you can push him all the way over with a sky dive. The U.S. Parachute Association is a nonprofit organization supporting

Club, 800-258-2872)

hundreds of American skydiving companies that meet its tough standards. If your sibling hasn't faced death by free fall before, a tandem trip is best: After just one hour of training, he's strapped to a professional who takes him up to about 11,000 feet. It's the adrenaline rush of a lifetime. (Call 800-371-8772 to find the drop zone nearest his city.)

Pop Top \$21

A woman is not impressed when she sees a man whip out a bottle opener emblazoned with the words BUZZ DOCTOR. Trade up your friend's trinket for a devilish Diabolix opener. It's made in Italy (like a Lamborghini) of virtually indestructible polyamide plastic (unlike a Lamborghini). Once she sees it, she may even start to wonder what other tools he's got hidden away. (Platypus, 212-219-3919)



DON'T WAIT IN LINE!

The only thing more annoying than shopping for gifts is having to wait in line for the privilege of paying for them. These shrewd strategies will help you shave eons off your wait.

Find a quiet register. The front registers are always busy, so seek out a less populated area of the store where you can be checked out in seconds. In a record store, head to the classical section. In a department store, hit the large-appliance zone.

Hijack a salesperson. Those people who say, "May I help you?" actually can...by ringing you up at an empty register. "This is especially true if they work on commission," says Gayle Marco, associate professor of marketing at Robert Morris College. Departments that often operate on commission: shoes, jewelry, and makeup.

Study the cashier. Most people mistakenly judge a line by its length. But Ziv Carmon, professor of consumer psychology at Duke University, says it's actually the speed of the cashier that matters most. Before you commit to a line, he says, study the cashier for 10 seconds: Skip the slacker who can't find the bar codes and head for the veteran who doesn't look at her fingers while working the register. A watchful manager standing by is another promising sign.

Cut the damned line. Your risk of getting pummeled is less than you think, according to a 1992 study of 123 lines in New York's Grand Central Station. "When someone cuts, it's expected that the person behind the intruder is the one who should respond, and if he doesn't, nobody else does," says France Leclerc, professor of marketing at the University of Chicago. As a result, 57 percent of line waiters don't bother to object to a cutter. If you perform a "legitimate intrusion" and act like you're joining someone in line, that number jumps to 87 percent. These odds don't change whether you're cutting at the front, middle, or back of the line. So when you cut, go for the gold.—Judy Dutton

Shake It Up \$35

At the bar he orders his martinis shaken. But ask him how he mixes them at home and he'll probably admit he stirs them with a steak knife, or worse, his pinkie. Add a little class to your pal's routine-and his wet bar-by stuffing his stocking with this stainless-steel cocktail shaker. It holds 22 ounces and has a strainer for filtering out unwanted ice, pulp, and nose hairs. (Williams-Sonoma, 800-541-2233)



Saved by the Book

Boxing Greats will single-handedly make your bro a boxing aficionado. For instance, he'll know that the first championship fight ever filmed took place in 1897.

The book has stunning black-and-white and color photos of everyone from Joe Louis to Oscar De La Hoya, and since it weighs in at 256 pages, your baby bro will get a decent workout just by picking it up.

(Running Press, 800-345-5359)

Je you hau the man Jer pl

Jerry Rigged \$27

Your Deadhead buddies will be, uh, grateful for this 41/2-inch-tall Jerry Garcia figurine; hang it on the Christmas tree and it'll lend the festivities a fat, drug-addicted flair. It's made of high-end plastic and dressed in Jerry's familiar concert gear: T-shirt, rumpled jeans, and aviator sunglasses. With that trademark Buddha belly, it could almost pass for Santa. (Command Performance, 800-873-8263)



Your pal will appreciate camping a whole lot more with this handheld scope. It enhances existing light from the

moon and stars, allowing him to see in the dark without a flashlight. The scope magnifies objects 3.2 times, and here's the fun part: It has an infrared illuminator for when there's no available light—like when the girls snuff their lantern and get ready for bed. (Intertech, 401-847-9170)



FOR THE WIFE OR GIRLFRIEND

Every person on your Christmas list will excuse you for buying them a late or lame gift... except your girlfriend or wife. Seven ways to get hers absolutely, positively right.

Balms Away \$45

Weekend spa retreats cost a lot, and if you lack the smacks to give her the royal treatment—or if you just met her a few weeks ago and don't want to drop big bucks—you can still shower her with high-end skin treats from the H₂O Plus spa product line. The Spa Body Box contains everything she needs for a private bathroom fete: Seaweed Body Mud (cleans the pores); Sea Marine Body Scrub (exfoliates); Marine Botanical Body Hydrator (restores moisture); and other swampy, low-tide concoctions. She'll think of you every time she slathers on another layer of silt. (H₂O Plus, 800-690-2284)

YOU CAN'T WRAP THIS

SPA GETAWAY S100 AND UP

No woman should have to witness grown
men engaging in a fart-lighting contest at halftime on Super Bowl Sunday.

Protect her against the psychological damage by pampering her like a princess. Call the largest spa reservation company in the world and order her a gift certificate for treatments at one of more than 250 spas nationwide. One Ben Franklin buys her an indul-

nationwide. One Ben Franklin buys her an indulgent hour of massage, facial, or manicure. For \$350, she can get the whole kielbasa: a massage, a facial, a pedicure, and hairstyling. (Spa-Finders, 800-255-7727)

Deadly Blooms \$25

The white trumpet is a poisonous plant that attracts bugs; they fall inside, become paralyzed, and are slowly digested over a few days. Believe it or not, every woman in the *Maxim* office went nuts for the trumpet...and we have no idea why. Could it be the power that a beautiful flesh-eating flower symbolizes? Who knows? Here's what matters: A company called California Carnivores sells (and mails) lots of hungry plants. (California Carnivores, 707-838-1630)

girlfriend would still shudder in ecstasy upon opening it. But fill it with silver and look out! Try the mini-mesh bracelet (\$155), the interlock bracelet (\$125), or the heart charm bracelet (\$110)—all classics from the first name in jewelry. (Tiffany & Co., 800-526-0649)





MAXIM DECEMBER 1998

GIFTS FOR THE GIRLS

How do you buy clothes and jewelry for a woman? Very carefully. Seven tips to make sure you don't

- 1. Get a personal shopper. Really. Few guys know this, but if you call ahead to stores of the Saks-Bloomingdale's-Nordstrom ilk, they'll actually set you up with a personal shopper, a supersmart shopping slave whose job it is to make sure you leave the store with a perfect gift. And it costs nothing. Note: You don't have to be a pretentious GQ reader to take advantage of this service.
- 2. Bring a photo. A good salesperson can glean crucial info from a recently snapped full-body photo. Such as: her size and body type (which will improve the chances of a perfect fit) as well as her precise hair, skin, and eye color (which will ensure that the clothes look good on her).
- 3. Forget super-sexy lingerie. It's for you, not her; you might as well buy her a power saw.
- 4. Do some closet recon. She knows what looks best on her, and her closet has all the answers. So pop in and make a list. Be specific about sizes, colors, labels, and lengths, all of which will help the salesperson. Avoid the back of the closet: Her mom gave her that shit 10 years ago. If you don't know already, find out her bra size; cupping your hands demonstratively for a sales clerk doesn't cut it.
- 5. Know what she reads. Her catalogs provide key data on the look she aspires to, as do her fashion mags.
- 6. Skip the rings. Rings automatically send a message (solemn commitment!) that you may not want to send or that she may not want to receive. Earrings, bracelets, and necklaces, however, are perfectly safe.
- 7. Make strategic errors. If you don't know the right size to buy, make damned sure you err on the small side! And save the receipt: There's always a chance she'll exchange it

much for you, but it seems to work for her. So here's your strategy: Grab a cozy snapshot of the two of you and shove it behind the glass of this elegant silver-plated seven-bynine-inch frame. The message? You value the memories you've made together. 97



FOR DADS AND FATHERS-IN-LAW

He put up with your adolescent as shole ways. Now it's time to thank him in style. As for Mr. In-Law, just remember: When you please him, you please his daughter.



his belt, and it gets softer and bigger every year.) Omaha Steaks, one of the first companies ever to ship meat to people's doorsteps (they started in 1952), will send him eight Grade-A 12-ounce boneless strip steaks for \$120; \$60 buys him eight six-ounce filets mignons, cuts that cost \$25 apiece at a restaurant. The steaks come from cornfed Midwestern cattle and are delivered right to his door, packed in dry ice, by Federal Express. If the steaks aren't enough, Omaha will even send a heap of taters to go with 'em. (Omaha Steaks, 800-228-9055)

Gran Idea \$140

Chances are your father-in-law will never splurge on a single-malt scotch that costs more than \$40. So you'll have to do it for him. The Macallan Gran Reserva single malt is something like the Dom Pérignon of scotch. Each batch is aged for 18 years in

Spanish oak casks that previously held sherry; this produces both a mahogany color and an earthy sherry taste. Don't let him save it for a special occasion. (Macallan, 800-358-6002)

Sherman Tank \$85

The old man just hasn't been the same during the last few football seasons. He doesn't expose himself after touchdowns anymore, and the loogies he hawks onto the lower deck have lost their arcing grace. He needs a brandy-filled flask. This polished pewter beauty is divided down the middle: One half is a six-ounce flask, the other holds three Grand Corona cigars. The cigars, at 61/4 inches long, are ample enough to satisfy an intern. (Nat Sherman, 800-692-4427)

SPEED SHOPPING

Are you ready for the fastest, easiest, most effective way to shop?

It's rhetorical-question time: Would you rather tug your ass to 10 stores in search of the best price on a present, or sit on your ass and search through 1,000 stores in seconds? Duh. MySimon, an award-winning Internet shopping service, helps you sniff out the best deal on everything from books to booze to overgrown glow-in-the-dark gerbils. (Well, maybe not the gerbils.)

Here's how it works: Dial up www.mysimon.com and type in the gift you're looking for (CD player? Camera? Microwave? Videogame?) or make specific requests (Kenwood HQ Series car stereo speakers). Asked about the Canon PowerShot A5 digital camera, for instance, mySimon snooped in the stockrooms of 34 merchants and spit back a list of 15 stores that carried it; prices ranged from \$589 to \$700. Click on the store you like, and you can order the gift directly from its Web site. Start-to-finish comparison shopping took about 90 seconds.—Judy Dutton

Look Sharp \$250

You know those binoculars
Dad keeps in the closet? He
keeps them there for a reason:
They're ugly, clunky, and bad. These sleek
micro-binocs from Pentax fit in a shirt pocket,
so Pops can take them everywhere. They're the
most powerful field glasses of their size, magnifying
objects eight times. With lenses like these, Dad can go to a hockey
game and count loose teeth on the ice. (Pentax, 800-877-0155)



Chop Shop \$250

Any professional chef above the hash-slinger level knows the name Wusthof. The German company's been crafting cookware since 1814, and its crown jewels are its knives. The blades in this eight-piece set are forged from single pieces of superhard "carbon chrome molybdenum vanadium steel" and are said to retain their sharpness longer than any other knives. With a Wusthof in hand, everyone will have to admit that at least Dad looks like he knows what he's doing in the kitchen, blood on the cutting board or not. (Chef's Store, 888-334-2433)

Ball Brander \$12

All too often your father-in-law mistakes your golf balls for his, especially when they're closer to the hole. This contraption solves the problem by monogramming his ball with up to three initials in black ink. The stainless-steel monogrammer is a cinch to use and includes a

protective lacquer—once he applies it, the initials will be snow and water resistant. Now, when the groundskeeper drains the lake, he'll know the old man was there. (Digital Productions, 888-759-2000)



Club House \$180

Golf bags improve every year. Your father's, on the other hand, weighs three tons and collects enough rainwater to breed mosquitoes. The O-Zone bag will bring him up to date. For starters, he can carry this lightweight, water-resistant sack like a backpack. Five interior bays secure the different types of clubs; five exterior pockets tote balls and accessories. The centerpiece is a stand that tilts his clubs toward his outstretched hand and automatically retracts. (Ogio, 800-922-1944)





FOR MOMS AND MOTHERS-IN-LAW

Your mother takes your gift selection very, very personally. Get her the wrong thing and she chastises herself for having raised such a philistine. And your mother-in-law may be worse.



Only your gay uncle could enjoy this gift more than your mother will, and he probably already has one. The Corner Bakery Bread and Dessert Maker is the size of a small microwave oven and a nobrainer to use: Pour in the ingredients, push a button, and forget about it. Cool features include 18 bake cycles for various bread recipes (like rye, whole wheat, and jalapeño) as well as a gizmo that serves up fresh butter in different flavors. A delay timer lets her wake to the scent of a fresh loaf, which she'll forever associate with her dearest son. (Toastmaster, 800-947-3744)

Tree Topper \$98

The Waterford name resonates like a church organ. In fact, Mom probably has a set of the 200-year-old company's crystal wineglasses stashed away for special occasions. Giving her this elegant light-catching crystalline tree-topper will not only make her Christmas a special occasion, it will make her melt on the spot. If your mother's Jewish, better try something else. (Waterford, 800-677-7860)

Shell Game \$43-\$63

It sounds pretty whacked-out, but a bunch of award-winning, theory-spewing, beret-wearing architects decided to pay homage to the egg. They designed a collection of egg holders that look equally appropriate in a museum and on the kitchen table. Do their elemental designs express the essence of eggdom?

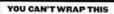
Do they explore the delicate balance

between man and yolk? Don't ask. Just buy one and watch your mother-inlaw swoon. (Platypus, 212-219-3919)



Mom's cooking always did taste better under the influence of a little fresh herb (no, not that kind, we're talking rosemary here). The best,

freshest-tasting spices are, of course, those she can rip right from her own garden. What's that? No garden? No problem: Lingle's Herbs will mail her an herb garden. The hearty plants arrive in cute three-inch pots. Stay tuned for some kick-ass spaghetti sauce. (Lingle's Herbs, 800-708-0633)



STRAIGHT TO TAPE \$50

Moms go through a lot—marriage, childbirth, child-rearing—and if yours has a sentimental bone in her body, she's captured all of it on film. Unfortunately, that film's probably Super-8, which is why most of those memories are gathering dust in the attic. But you can revive them. Denevi Video can expertly convert those 8 mm home movie reels into standard VHS-format videos in seven days. Yes, you can trust them: They've been doing it for Kodak since 1980. Fifty bucks buys you 20 minutes of tape. Be prepared for an evening of watching yourself toddle around in Pampers. (Denevi Video, 800-447-4469)



Pajama Party \$56 Karen Neuburger pajamas top Oprah's list of favorite things, and if Oprah likes

them, you can bet that every living, breathing female on the planet likes them, too. "Very cozy, very comfortable." said Steve, our last intern, whom we forced to try them on. The pi's come in patently

adorable, mom-pleasing designs like Java (coffee cups) and Home Video (film reels, popcorn, movie tickets); she'll like them even more than you liked the Underoos she bought you when you were four. (Karen Neuburger, 800-720-0701)

Letter Perfect \$75

To you, writing a letter is something you do only when a woman refuses to take your calls. To your mother-in-law, it's a social grace of the utmost importance. Which is why this stationery kit-designed by the doyenne of domesticity, Martha Stewart-will score you big points. It comes with small sheets of textured Italian paper as well as personalized embossers that can imprint Mom's initials and address as well as stationery-esque

> images like tree boughs and acoms. Cute enough to make her shit little red hearts.

(Martha by Mail, 800-950-7130)

Massage Parlor \$230

If Mom had her way, she'd kick off her pointy little pumps, sit back on the couch, and have male slaves massage her feet all day. Until hell freezes over, the Shiatsu Foot Massager will provide a suitable stand-in. The massager works on both feet simultaneously, as 390 "reflexology nodes" vibrate to stimulate her dogs. Mom's feet will be feeling so good, she'll kick your brother's ass when she sees the pathetic coffee mug he gave her. (Relax The Back, 800-290-2225)



ALL IN THE CARDS

Sign it, "Happy Holidays. Bob," and you can forget about sex till Valentine's Day. Here's how to pen a card that'll melt her little heart.

Get personal. You want her to think you searched your soul to find the right words, says Tara Jaye Centeio, a writer for Hallmark. So avoid cliches like "You are the light of my life"; she'll think you relied on McProse to do the job.

Use her words. For unfailing results, Jacob Miller, an award-winning poet and writing teacher in New York City, suggests recalling something she's said—a peculiar phrase, an expression-and using it as if it were your own. "Incorporating someone else's lexicon lends the appearance of a shared sensibility," Miller explains. In other words, she'll think you were made to be together.

Be specific. Don't use words like special and super (which apply to everyone). "Instead, refer to a wonderful time you shared together," says Centeio. "It can be 'I love when we go to the grocery store and eat cookies out of the box.' Whatever. As long as it's something specific."

Get some rhythm. Alliteration-repeating the same sounds in a series of words, like "sweet stolen sex"-will work a subtle magic on its reader. "With men, visuals most often trigger sexual arousal," says Miller. "But women need to have their imagination excited. Auditory stimulationwhich leaves a lot up to the imagination-works very well."

Watch your sign-off. If you haven't uttered those three little words to her yet, now's not the time. "Love is scary stuff. It might turn her off," says Centeio. "'You mean a lot to me' is a safer alternative." In a pinch, try XOXOXO. It's short. It's noncommittal. It works.-Wendy Laird and Judy Dutton



FOR BOSSES AND CLIENTS

Yes, yes, a present shows you care. But these beauties will get you a raise, more business, and maybe even a little respect.

Full Tilt \$15

Bringing a bottle of wine to the boss says one thing: "I present this to you purely out of obligation and because there was a liquor store nearby." But a bottle with this hardwood lift says you have an eye for the understated and elegant. The weight of the bottle balances the lift, turning it into an eye-popping desk accessory. It seems to defy gravity-

Number

100%

JAMAICAN

BLUE

MOUNTAIN

COFFEE

just like your career. (Green Mountain Unlimited. 888-629-6742)

Star Cigar \$13

The creation of a Macanudo Vintage cigar, one of the best stogies this side of the Cuban embargo, is not an everyday occurrence: Only about one out of every thousand leaves makes the cut, and each wrapper takes four years to age. If your client knows cigars, he'll always remember that one of the best he ever smoked came from you. (Macanudo Vintage Cigars, 800-867-4727)

Total Recall \$90

If there's anyone who thinks the boss has something important to say, it's the boss. Let him record all his bright ideas with this digital recorder. Weighing less than three ounces, it handles up to 10 minutes' worth of Mister Big's babble. Hopefully one of his notes-to-self is about your raise. (Sonv. 800-222-7669)

Russian Treat \$65

Pick up a \$1,500 kilo of beluga for the boss and he may think you're attracted to

him. But two ounces of Sevruga caviar, a delicious roe from sturgeon in the Black and Caspian Seas, hits just the right note. (Dean & Deluca, 800-221-7714)

Sticky Situation \$60

This elephant-style tape dispenser was designed in Italy, won a prestigious design award in I.D. magazine's Annual Design Review, and, in spite of all that, is still really cool. After your associate proudly places it front and center on his desk, he will have no choice but to think of you often. And in a good way, (MoMA Design, 800-793-3167)

True Blue \$27

The world's finest coffee beans are grown in Jamaica, Called Blue Mountain coffee, these coveted beans produce an unrivaled brew known for its low acidity, unusual sweetness, and bold aroma. Giving a 12 oz burlap bag to a client is a surefire way of saying that you value his...expense account. (Collandra Inc., 800-692-8742)





FOR CHILDREN

How do you undermine all the values your sister has instilled in her precious children? With the perfect present, of course.



Building the Panama Canal took 10 years and cost hundreds of lives. Now those charming rug rats can make their own in about 10 minutes, and with scant risk of contracting malaria. Selected as one of the best toys of 1998 by Parenting magazine, the Brio Waterway "Panama" system includes a working pump to power elevated canals as well as a crane to lift boats from one channel to another. A perfect bathtub companion for little Noriegas. (Brio, 888-274-6869)

AGES 5 AND UP Big Shot \$23

If it's expensive and breakable, kids want to play with it. Which is why the Perfect Shot camera is so great. It uses 35 mm film and takes real photos, but it's virtually unbreakable.

And because kids are kinda lame and can't keep one eye closed, its viewfinder allows them to use both eyes. (Fisher-Price, 800-432-5437)



AGES 6 AND UP Hello, Dolly \$30

Toy critics (yes, they exist) are lauding Furby as the most advanced stuffed animal ever made. Here's why: Furby's minicomputers and infrared scanners allow him to see, hear, and speak. In trots the family Rottweiler, for example, and Furby's ears will perk up. He speaks some 200 words in both English and "Furbish," yet won't piss on the rug! (Tiger Electronics, 888-387-2901)

Body Shop \$15

Cross Mr. Potato Head with Salvador Dali and you get ZoLo. Like the spud man, ZoLo lets a kid riff on anatomy by using interchangeable parts—except with ZoLo, your niece can stick three eyeballs on a kidney, attach it to a solar eclipse, and throw in a spotted squid. Plenty weird and very cool. (Wild Planet, 800-247-6570)

Up, Up, and Away \$22

Forget engines and propellers: The only thing required to get this five-foot hot-air balloon into the sky is heat from a blow-dryer. The balloon's too small to sit in, but it's big enough to send the cat up for a little aerial recon when your

nephew reaches the cruelty-to-animals stage. (Discovery Channel, 800-938-0333)



Mini-trampolines strapped to the bottoms of shoes are the best thing to happen to toys since Kiss action figures. Moon Shoes let kids take gravity-defying steps and leap onto onceforbidden top shelves and tree limbs. Nervous parents can ruin all the fun by customizing the shoe's altitude. (Brainstorms, 800-884-8484)



Lego a Go-go \$200

Mindstorms, the newest generation of Lego toys, lets kids build robots that not only have motors and light sensors but warn of intruders, launch Ping-Pong balls, and basically make the Legos you grew up with look like crappy relics. (Lego, 800-453-4652)

Great New Products

Conquer the stars and know them like a voyager.

The heavens were once as easy to read as street signs. One glance and you knew the time of year, the hour, even your way home. Night Navigator now puts the very stars in the palm of your hand. Travel to Mars, Polaris, or a billion miles across a sea of galaxies. With one touch even paint the sky with the constellations. You

become a master of the night universe.

On your deck at a party. A blanket with a special friend. Hiking. Camping. Or just out your window. In seconds, program the on-board computer with the name of your city, date, and time. Navigator's digital compass scrolls an entire sky map of your location. Point it at a star cluster – instantly Navigator finds it on its large screen. With the names of all the stars and planets. Now press another button. Glowing lines connect with the figures of the constellations. Move and the motorized circuitry tracks and changes. You are the guide. Dazzle guests with your knowledge. Take them right to their personal zodiac sign. Point out the planets. On vacation, the beach, the backwoods. With your family and friends enjoy entire space explorations.

■ The Night Navigator, # NN-761 \$99.95

Measures 10" x 12.7" x 2", takes 2 C and 4 AAA batteries, not included.



Drive the tank that drove Saddam to his knees.

The Abrams M1 Battle Tank is a combat-tested dynamo. Being on the wrong end of its 120mm armament is an honor best avoided. Now you take the controls. Husky 1/20 scale version grinds over impossible terrain, fords streams, even claws its way up 45 slopes! Two-channel dual-

Curving mirrors and lenses fold the light path, giving you the power of huge telescopes.

streams, even claws its way up 45 slopes! Two-channel dualstick remote operates left and right treads individually – spin 360° on a dime! Races up to 13mph, four times faster than a quick walk. Electric engine roars 8 to 10 minutes before you even need to recharge. Rips through sand, ice, grass, standing water. Rotate the turret, elevate the gun, and send it up your neighbor's driveway! Complete with radio-control remote, battery pack, and recharger. Ready to roll. Measures app. 13" x 6". Taillights even light up in neutral!

Abrams M1A1 Radio Control Battle Tank, #10775 \$189.95



"Sorry, Mr. Jones is not in. This is Lucille, his secretary, may I help you?"

New micro-size voice disguiser even works with pay phones.

Here's just some of the things you can do with our new palm-sized novelty voice changer: fool your friends, confuse your enemies, be your own secretary, make anonymous calls for business or security reasons, or protect women and children home alone. Unlike desk-top voice-changers, the Micro-Disguiser has no modular hook-ups! Slip it from your pocket and place it over any phone's mouth piece! Miniature electronics alter your voice through three mechanical toned

scales, high to low. Extreme settings sound hilarious, and mid-range will even fool your own mother. Try one!

> Micro Voice-Disguiser #VC-168 \$39.95

Get one for your wife, too, and let harrassing callers think a man is at

Russian astronomers fold super-power reflecting scope into 7% inches!

The world's most powerful telescopes use giant reflecting mirrors to fold the light path, so they can range billions of miles to the very declared the fold of the state of the universe. Astonishing

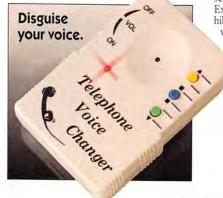
path, so they can range billions of miles to the very edges of the universe. Astonishing new Cat-Scope not only miniaturizes these celestial explorers, but folds the light path twice. You enjoy the power of cannon-sized scopes in the palm of your hand!

Enormous 16x magnification and superb low-light performance. Study the moon, or read lips through a window far away. Oversized, precision-coated lens system gives you *hairline* definition. Focus from infinity to as close as 10 yards. Rubber armor-coating takes the abuse or moisture that lesser scopes can't.

Boating, nature study, astronomy, hiking, concerts, or sports events – the release of top-secret space-race technology now gives you unequalled observation and surveillance power. At a fraction of its true value.

Dual Reflecting Rubber-Armored 16x Cat Scope #BC-600 \$89.95

Weighs just 13.6 oz. Measures 7.25" x 2.125". Complete with lifetime warranty.





feet high!





Batteries included. Translight Laser Art Pointer, #TI-333-8 \$39.95

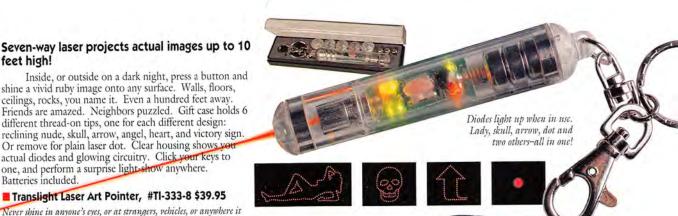
Never shine in anyone's eyes, or at strangers, vehicles, or anywhere it may be interpreted as a threatening gesture. Think first.

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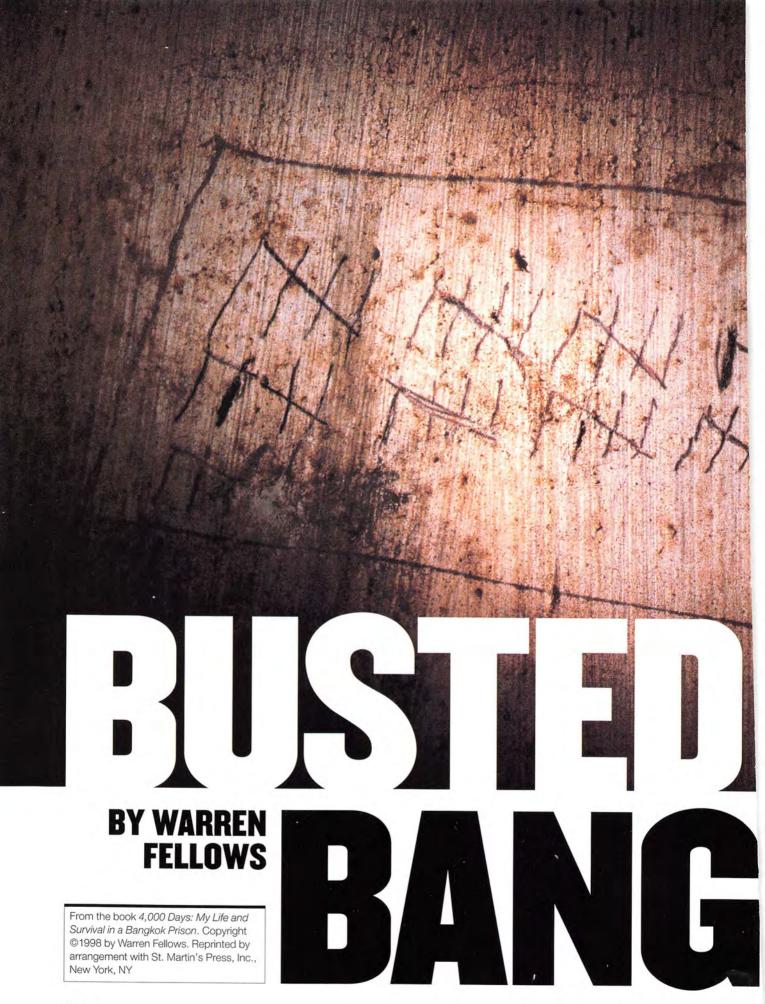
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For some, Thailand is an exotic vacation paradise. But for one man busted there on drug charges, it became nearly 12 years of hell on earth.



wenty years ago, moviegoers took a disturbing ride on the Midnight Express, the story of a young American tossed into a Turkish prison for attempting to smuggle hashish through customs. The film's gruesome depictions of extreme deprivation and torture convinced many a viewer that

the lure of easy money wasn't worth the risk of winding up behind bars in a foreign chamber of horrors where Westernstyle human rights are good for nothing but taunts from guards.

But Warren Fellows, a 25-year-old Australian, had already spent most of that very year, 1978, deeply involved in smuggling heroin between Thailand and his home country. He knew this enterprise was wrong, but the money was much more than he'd been able to make as a low-rolling gambler and bartender in the pubs of Sydney. On what he'd decided was his last run, Fellows ignored signs that his movements were being monitored by Bangkok police, convinced that he could handle any situation. Of course, he wasn't counting on spending the next 11 and a half years in Thai prisons, suffering barbarism straight out of the Middle Ages. 4,000 Days, in bookstores this month, recounts his long nightmare, which begins on October 11, 1978, with a knock on his Bangkok hotel room door. Down the hall, his friend Paul Hayward is storing a suitcase containing 24 bags of high-grade heroin.

Major Vyraj announces himself as an immigration official, and for a moment I relax. My body is stunned back into a state

of panic by a crunch to my stomach from his walkie-talkie. I collapse.

Thai policemen are tearing the room apart, babbling things I cannot understand. I am dragged down to Paul's room, where he is being pressed against the wall with guns at his head while policemen stand over the red suitcase. They chorus something toward Vyraj, and he ▷



squeezes my face till I feel my cheekbones will break.

"This suitcase has a coded lock...tell me the number!"

I tell him, and another policeman opens the lock. Stupid with fear, I cling to the hope that they will not look under the blue towel that covers the heroin. There is a grotesque silence in the room as the towel is removed. I want to cry but my body is so terrified it cannot manage even so simple a task.

The hostility of the police is astonishing—particularly Vyraj. Though bursting with hate for us, he also appears to be having some kind of orgasm. He paces like a mad dog. I learn that he is, in fact, known by this name: "Mad Dog Vyraj."

After we are taken to the police interrogation building, Mad Dog demands that I sign documents implicating other suspected drug couriers. When I refuse, he marches me down to the bathroom, where a Thai prisoner in heavy chains stands in a tub of water. Electric wires run between his nipples and genitals. Another policeman attaches the wires to a battery. The prisoner howls in pain, collapses into the water, and thrashes about like a fish. Mad Dog turns to see how I am admiring his work, and tells me this will happen to me unless I comply.

Later I declare that I want a lawyer, and Mad Dog goes berserk. He screams that we have no rights. We are filth and are going to die. He pulls out his gun and says he is going to use it on Paul. But he is a sporting man. He will let Paul run for 100 yards before he shoots. If he misses, Paul is free. If he doesn't miss, he will say Paul tried to escape. Paul will not do it. Mad Dog brings his pistol down hard onto the back of Paul's neck and pushes him into the open doorway. He levels the gun at the side of Paul's head and cocks it. At the sound, Paul's body jerks backwards, but Mad Dog pushes him again. I can't take this anymore. I shout that I will sign the document.

This pattern of sadistic sport continues for weeks, leaving Paul and me emotionally drained. We have no idea how much

longer this will go on, and agree that we should kill ourselves. The only instrument at our disposal is a large water trough running along the cell wall. We decide that each will hold the other's head under the water until we are both still. We plunge our heads into the water, each forcing the other down with increasingly deter-

mined force. But gradually, both of us start to resist. After almost a minute, we simultaneously reel back out of the trough, gasping for breath. We are going to have to live through this, no matter how dreadful it becomes.

The interrogation lasted for 37 days. It changed me forever. The rest of my imprisonment would change me further still, but it began then. Any of you who believe I deserved to die,

well, there's a big concrete building in Bangkok called the Police Interrogation Unit. The Warren Fellows of 1978 went in and will never come out. That makes it a grave.

You are welcome to spit on it.

Three Years Pretrial

Spared from execution only because the Australian government is providing Thailand with flood-relief

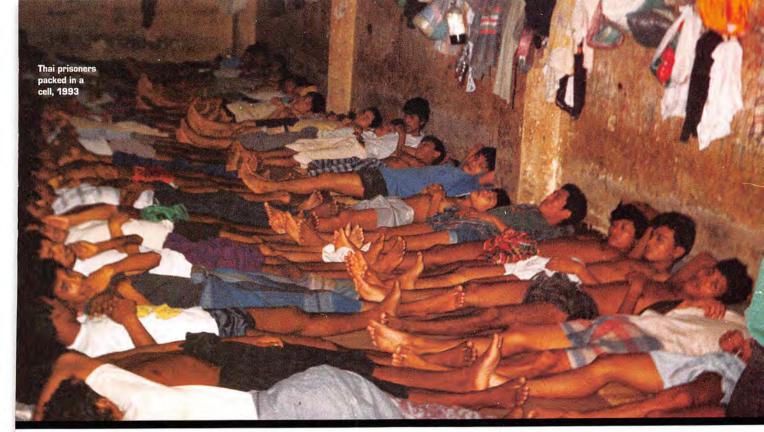


HE LEVELS THE GUN AT THE SIDE OF PAUL'S HEAD AND COCKS IT. I SHOUT THAT I WILL SIGN THE DOCUMENT.

assistance, Fellows and Hayward are transferred to Maha Chai, a century-old prison, where they spend three long years awaiting formal trial. Infrequent communication with the outside world, confinement in shackles, sadistic guards, and near starvation eventually drive Fellows to the only coping mechanism available to prisoners—heroin. Even with his senses dulled, however, he can't escape the gruesome reality of his imprisonment.

The wildlife added to the relentless misery. Cockroaches. Ants. Mosquitoes. Most horrifying were the sewer rats. Their bodies were slick and slimy, and they were fearless. They'd come at you at night in little packs and ferociously attack, biting chunks out of you as you slept. If you tried to defend yourself by kicking at them, they were quick enough to take a piece out of your foot, smart enough to go for the throat.

One morning, Paul squatted over a hole in the floor to relieve his bowels. Out of the sewer, like something from a monster



film, a rat sprung and bit him on the foot. Nightmarish. The poor bastard was inconsolable. It was strange to think that every single living thing in Maha Chai hated our guts.

Prisit, a head officer in the prison's punishment wing, wore big black Nazi-style boots, pilot's sunglasses, and a studded leather wristband designed to break skin. He carried a big bamboo cane, the end of which was filled with concrete. Several times I'd seen him use it to beat prisoners into a bloody, lifeless pulp. One day, when one of Prisit's underlings caught some of us playing a forbidden dice game, we were marched downstairs to a large cylinder of concrete. When the guards removed the stone cover, we realized it was a sewage tank where all the excrement from the building collected. Prisit said it was just deep enough for a man to stand in and keep his head above the surface. Then he told us to get in.

I stood motionless for a moment, convinced that he couldn't be serious. But of course he was. I'd seen him maim and kill prisoners; his heart would suffer no difficulty in making a man stand in shit. The movement of our bodies as we climbed in caused a surge in the tub, splashing the contents over my nose and mouth. I vomited, as did the others. Almost as repulsive as the smell was the feeling of this broth seeping into every crevice and pore of my body. I moaned to Prisit to have some mercy. And at that, he turned to his guards and told them to watch us until he returned. It was late morning when we climbed into that tub. By the time Prisit returned, I'd been sick so many times I was dehydrating. The muscles in my legs and neck were strained to the busting point, and I was feeling overcome with symptoms of poison shock. Prisit told his guards to haul us out. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

I'd been in Maha Chai for about six months when my father wrote that he was coming for a visit. I wrote back saying that under no circumstances was my mother to come, too.

My father, however, did arrive. He was obviously shaken by the weight of this place and the sight of his son peering out from within, but he held it together. He told me how *The Bangkok Post* was doing a story on his career as a horse trainer. It was a fine interview, he said, until the end, when they asked the pointless question of how he felt about his son. I hated the thought of being an embarrassment to my family.

My father never bothered to ask me to tell him the truth about why I was here. Instead, he simply concentrated on how I was doing, the pending court case, whether I had friends inside the prison. That was good of him. Eventually we had to say good-bye. I don't know how we dragged ourselves away from each other. My father broke down and wept, imploring me to please, please look after myself. His last words to me

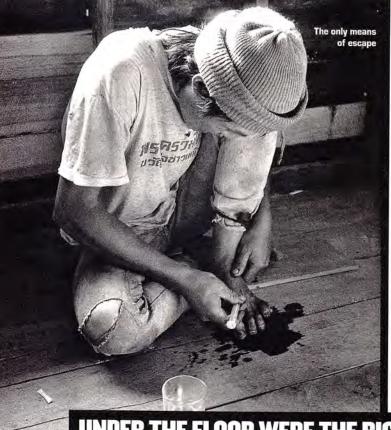
DESTINATION: DOOM

As of 1996, 2,300 U.S. citizens were in foreign jails. Here are the top 10 countries where Yanks are doing time.

About one third of the Americans detained abroad each year are held on drug-related matters, the rest for everything from murder to skipping out on hotel bills. According to the U.S. State Department, the greater the American presence in a given country—whether tourist or military—the more guys there are to bust, which explains, for example, why Canada made it into the top three.



Mexico	375
Germany	137
Canada	117
Japan	86
United Kingdom	72
Thailand	58
Jamaica	53
Ecuador	41
Dominican Republic	39
Panama	38



NDER THE FLOOR WERE THE BIGGEST ROACHES I'D SEEN, AND THE THAIS WERE FATTENING THEM UP TO EAT.

were, "I love you, Warren." That was something I'd never heard him say. What he didn't tell me was that he already knew he was dying. I would never see my father again.

One morning, after breakfast, I noticed that some Thai prisoners had managed to smuggle a bit of rice back to the cell. One of them was lifting a loose board from the floor. Underneath the floorboards was a teeming body of the biggest cockroaches I had ever seen. And the Thais were feeding them rice, fattening them up to eat.

One of them took a plastic bag and scooped up a large catch of these fat bugs, which scuttled around in the bag, falling over each other, much like us. The Thais then pressed the bugs into empty food cans, pulping them into mash. A small amount of oil and salt was added to the mix.

One of the Thais offered some of the dish, but I refused. In broken English, he told me that this was the only source of protein I would get in this place. Without it, he said, I would wither away and die. I tried to explain to him that, where I come from, those bugs were considered to be the filthiest creatures of all. He told me that was the very reason that so few foreigners survived Maha Chai. Reluctantly, I ate.

After some months, our trial began. We were heavily chained and driven to court in an old bus. From the first day, it was clear the whole thing would be a ridiculous waste of everyone's time. There was no jury, no stenographer—none of the trappings of a modern court of law. All that was there to represent the mighty wheels of justice was one judge who, as our lawyers delivered their addresses, never looked up from his notepad,

on which he appeared to be doodling with a pencil.

While the trial was still proceeding, it seemed as if there was hope—a feeble hope, for sure, but enough to light the way. But I was given a life sentence. Now there was the knowledge that this was final and irreversible. These dark nights in crowded rooms with the echoes of prisoners sobbing and moaning—this was as good as life was to be from now on.

Descent into Hell

Officially sentenced, Fellows and Hayward are moved to Bang Kwang, reputed to be the most feared prison in the world. Fellows knows this is the true end of the line, a place to fear worse than death. Adding to his misery is the fact that guards often tell him he's about to be released, then laugh that it's only a joke. As the years stretch on, and telegrams bring news of the deaths of his brother and then his father, Bang Kwang becomes the only world he knows.

People have asked me about sex in Bang Kwang, and whether sex and rape were regular occurrences, as they are within many

Western prisons. I have to say that it isn't the case. That from heavily on rape, and are not tolerant of homosexuality.

There was a pig farm in Bang Kwang. Thai prisoners worked on the farm for a pitiful wage, but had learned of a way to supplement their income. For a few packets of cigarettes, a Bang Kwang pig

would "love you long time." Many Thais partook of this service, but the foreigners found it naturally repulsive.

The amusing thing was that, to the Thais, the fact that you were having sex with a pig did not mean that you had to abandon your heterosexual tendencies. Sex with a male pig cost two packets of cigarettes; the price of sex with a female pig rose sharply to five packets. Presumably, for a few more packets you could pick between a wider variety of female pigs. After all, you wouldn't want to get an ugly one.

I didn't have much use for the pigs. In fact, dampening of sex drive was one of the merciful side-effects of heroin. Plus it helped me get through eight years of horrors such as the night I was awakened by the screaming of a young French prisoner in the cell next door. It wasn't just a scream of pain, but of madness too. For hours and hours he screamed, until I and a friend called David began screaming back, begging him to tell us what was wrong. It became obvious that whatever was torturing him was so overwhelming that he couldn't hear us at all.

David and I pleaded with the guard to let us into the Frenchman's cell. David had served in the U.S. Army and knew a fair amount of first aid. Luckily, we had a good guard this night. When we entered the Frenchman's cell, he was curled into a ball, facing the corner. As soon as we turned him over, we saw



ne single best a

- NEXT GENERATION MAGAZINE

imputer game of th truly unreal to play ar **enoid ..."** - Los Angeles times

rs of development. IL." - TIME MAGAZINE (ONLINE)

lf you could hire Industria ight and Magic to render your perceptions, (this) how you would see the world."

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what was wrong. On his neck, just below the ear, was an enormous lump, about the size of an avocado. The lump appeared to be moving.

David seemed to know what was going on and dashed back to his cell to get a razor blade (keeping razors was illegal, but the guard turned a blind eye this time). David told us to hold the Frenchman down, as he was going to lance the lump. As soon as the blade sliced the skin, the wound opened up like a new flower. And out of the gash spilled hundreds of tiny, wormlike creatures, wriggling and oozing out like spaghetti. It was appalling, a dreadful dream, only real and right before my eyes, happening to a human being. According to the hospital staff who examined him later, a cockroach had crawled into his ear,

Permanent Purgatory

left to become a living nest for maggots.

After years of sharing dirty heroin needles, Fellows tests positive for HIV. Ironically, Thailand has a policy of deporting infected foreign prisoners, and on Christmas Day, 1989, just months after his 36th birthday and the release of Hayward, Fellows is granted a pardon. (Today he is on medication and in fair health.)

burrowed through to his neck, and laid eggs. A man who, some-

where, had a mother and a father, family and friends, had been

Weeks after being told of the pardon, he's pushed out the front gates of Bang Kwang, and within days, he's back in his hometown. But after 11 and a half years of enduring the unendurable, he finds that adjusting to freedom presents its own pitfalls.

When I saw my mother for the first time, I just snapped and told her to let me be. She was crying and trying to hold me, but I was recoiling, rejecting my own emotions. I was distrustful of my entire situation. For so long, any times of joy were tainted by the knowledge that my captors would soon take such moments away. I was worried that the same thing would happen now, that this newfound freedom was just an illusion.

What you have to understand is that this thing went on for 11 and a half years. Think about that. Think of the most wretched day of your life—when somebody you loved died, or when you were badly hurt in an accident, or a day when you were so terrified you could scarcely bear it. Imagine 4,000 of those days, together in one big chunk, and you're getting close.

Today, when I walk around, I sometimes find myself wondering if the whole thing, my whole experience there, really happened at all. At other times, it feels as if this new life is far away-even though I'm surrounded by it-and the one I lived through in those dungeons in Bangkok is my true life, still out there, waiting for me to return. It seems impossible that both worlds could exist at the same time. They're natural enemies. Surely one would conquer the other. $\mbox{\it M}$

RECALL THE MOST WRETCHED

BARBAROUS BRIGS

Next time you think about making some fast cash by strapping dope to your torso, stop and consider these prisons. five of the world's most notorious hellholes:



Villa Hermosa in Ciudad Bolívar, Venezuela

Anarchy reigns inside this overcrowded prison, ironically named Beautiful Villa: "The guards basically abdicate all control at the gate," says Joanne Mariner, associate counsel at Human Rights Watch, who visited the prison in 1996. "Prisoners walk around with homemade guns in their belts and machetes slung over their shoulders."

Al Malaz Prison in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia

England's Patrick Foster spent 10 months at this prison in 1996-97 and tells of the filthy conditions: Seventy prisoners used one water trough for drinking and bathing. The true terror came on Fridays, when inmates accused of capital crimes were picked at random, dragged to an area nicknamed Chop Chop Square, and beheaded publicly after the Muslim noon prayers.

Corcoran State Prison in California, U.S.A.

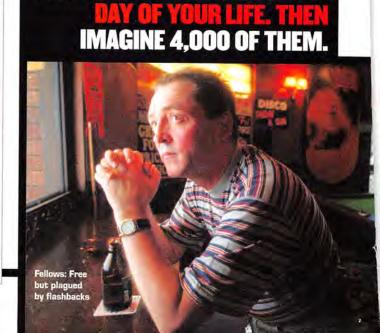
This prison was investigated earlier this year by the U.S. Justice Department for brutality. The staff was accused of sending two inmates at a time into a yard for "gladiator fights," in which they were encouraged to battle to the death; quards allegedly placed bets on the outcome and viewed security videotapes of the bouts for fun. Fighters who didn't stop on command were reportedly shot with 37 mm wooden bullets.

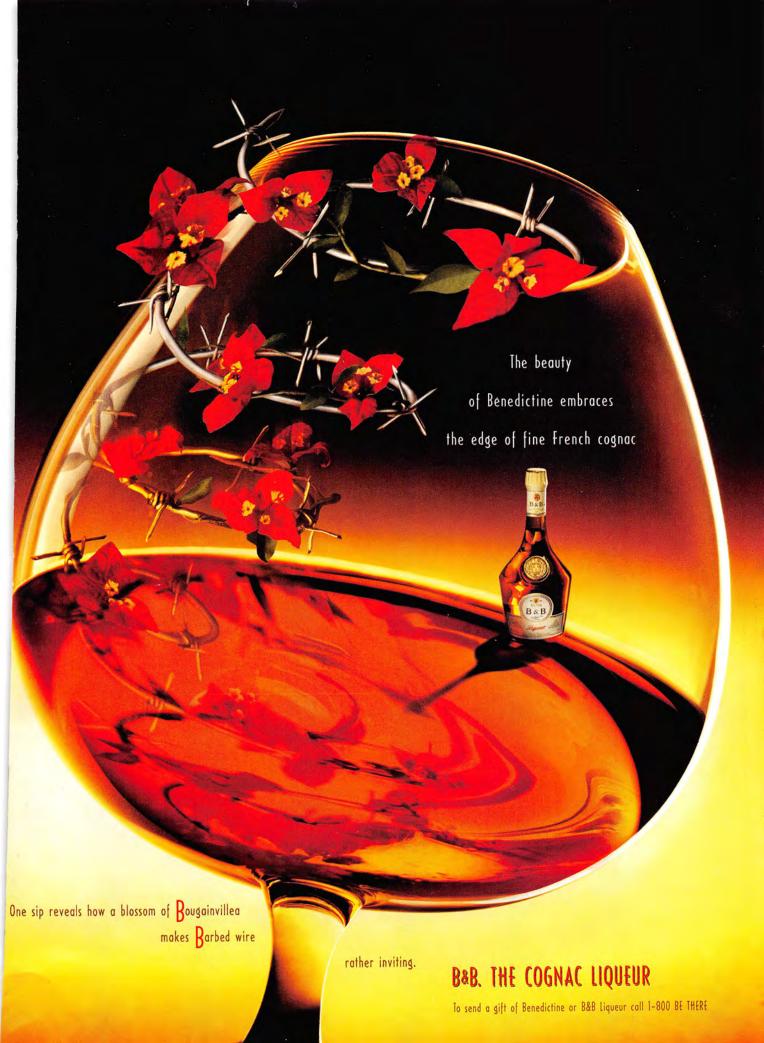
Fuchu Prison in Tokyo, Japan

Reported to have decent physical conditions, this prison's discipline is extreme: Inmates are forbidden to make eye contact with quards, visitors, or one another. In 1997, Amnesty International reported the case of a U.S. national instructed to keep his eyes closed at the meal table until everyone was seated; when he disobeyed, he was sent to solitary in a straitjacket for 10 days.

Casa de Detençãu in São Paulo, Brazil

When Mariner visited this enormous prison in January 1998. she learned of a windowless cell holding 356 prisoners who lacked cash or cigarettes to "rent" cell space from prison thugs. "These prisoners are nicknamed The Yellow People because their skin has sallowed for lack of sunlight-at most they see light for one hour per week."







Baywatch, schmaywatch!
As Nash Bridges' tough
new internal affairs cop,
she's still America's
sexiest whistle-blower.

By Steven Russell Photographs by Albert Sanchez

Yasmine

When she dries her hair with a hotel towel after being caught in a drenching Manhattan rainstorm, you can't help but think of her former role on TV's venerated guilty pleasure, Baywatch. In the nearly two years since Yasmine Bleeth hung up her crimson swimsuit and stopped running in slo-mo, she has kept a relatively low profile. She's popped up most frequently as one of Conan O'Brien's most capable sparring partners on Late Night, where her ability to quip at high speed silenced critics who'd written her off as beach debris. Now she's ready to put the rest of her career on fast forward, too, with a new role as a sexy, take-no-shit internal affairs cop on the CBS series Nash Bridges, opposite Don "Shaving Is Fun!" Johnson, At the moment, though, curled up on her hotel room's sofa beside a crackling fire, Yasmine sure doesn't look like any of the policewomen we've ever had to bribe.

MAXIM: So, how's your frisking technique?

YASMINE BLEETH: Depends on who I have to frisk.

M: What about Cheech Marin, Don Johnson's pudgy sidekick on *Nash Bridges*?

YB: Hey, that Cheech is pretty cute. I might just take my time frisking him.

M: You play an internal affairs officer. What's it like to be one of those tattletale cops who investigate other cops?

YB: My character, Caitlin Cross, is no tattletale. She's more likely to confront a person and kick ass. She just gets in your face, says what she has to say, and does her duty. A lot like me, actually.

M: Caitlin was brought in to investigate Don's—sorry, Nash's alleged involvement in some murders. Are we

Bleeth

going to get to see you torture Mr. Johnson?

YB: I certainly hope so. I already did a pretty good fight scene with another woman.

M: [pathetically hopeful] A catfight?

YB: [with gentle pity] Men always think there are sexual possibilities any time two girls have physical contact—like we're going to stop scratching or pulling hair and start kissing any second. Sorry, but I just wrestled her down to the ground and cuffed her.

M: Are you going to be packing heat?

YB: Oh, yeah. I need to be comfortable with a pistol, so I went to a firing range and shot everything from .38 specials to semiautomatics. I'm actually a lousy shot, but it's more important to *look* like you know what you're doing.

M: Internal affairs calls for a suspicious nature. How's your own bullshit detector?

YB: Pretty good. For example, if you ask somebody you're seeing where he's been and he gives you too much detail, like, "Oh, yeah, I went to the coffee shop about 2:30 and had bacon and fried eggs, and then at 2:45...," it's a clear sign he's lying.

M: Conan O'Brien and Politically Incorrect's Bill Maher have both remarked on your quick wit. Has your ability to leave talk show hosts speechless helped you fight that ▷





"My character is no tattletale. She's more likely to kick some ass."

lingering Baywatch stereotype in Hollywood?

YB: I am who I am. But *Baywatch* doesn't exactly help. When I first joined the show, I was doing an interview with the British magazine *Sky*, and the reporter stopped after a few minutes and said, "My, aren't you intelligent!" Hey, why would you assume otherwise?

M: What was the most ridiculous thing you were ever asked to do on *Baywatch*?

YB: Anything involving a montage set to music. One time I was filming this workout montage with a male lifeguard, and we had to hold each other's feet while doing sit-ups and giving each other seductive looks. [Makes panting sit-up noises that quickly segue into high-pitched orgasmic keening] That *did not* go on my audition reel.

M: I'm pretty sure I have it on tape at home, if you ever need it. I've heard that the Wonderbra folks asked you to be a spokesmodel. Um, were they under the impression that you actually needed a Wonderbra?

YB: [laughs] I don't know. I was sort of taking the offer as a compliment, but now that you mention it, what in the world were they thinking?

M: You won some big money for charity on VH1's celebrity *Rock & Roll Jeopardy!* tournament recently. That's some impressive Abba trivia you've got there.

YB: Thanks. A few years ago I competed in a regular *Jeopardy!* celebrity tournament, too, and was winning all the way up to the final round, but then I couldn't remember the name of Ross Perot's running mate. So I just wrote down "David Hasselhoff."

M: But did you remember to answer in the form of a question? A lot of celebrities screw that up.

YB: I sure did. I'm a big *Jeopardy!* fan. I actually turn off the phone when I watch at home.

M: Are you that intense when it comes to other games?

YB: I'm very serious about Monopoly. I own four different versions. And if I make a side deal with another player, I write it down. Documentation is very important.

M: Favorite game piece?

YB: I almost always pick the little dog. I like to pee on other people's property.

M: You must lose a lot of hotel-damage deposits.

YB: I also used to like Pictionary, but I was cut off by my friends because I'd get violent. If my partner couldn't draw, I'd be screaming, "You call that a pig? That's not a pig! Who in their right mind would think that's a pig?!"

M: I understand you have this strange and actually kind of annoying talent for poker, too: What's the deal there?

YB: I'd only played a few hands in my life, but this gambler friend offered to sponsor me in a world championship game in Atlantic City, just for kicks. He spent an hour teaching me the basic rules; then there I was, sitting at a table with \$7,000 worth of chips. I figured I'd lose it all instantly, but I ended up coming in 28th out of 120 high-stakes poker players. Pros. These guys were thinking, Oh, look at the cute little girl from Baywatch. And I'm thinking, Oh, look, I've got another full house.

M: I've gotta ask you something about your milk ad. What do they use to make those milk mustaches?

YB: I think it varies from person to person, but in my case it was a shake of cream cheese, ice cream, and milk. They don't paint it on or anything—I just drank the stuff up. But they do have a special guy who touches it up—the milk mustache wrangler. They said I gave the best milk mustache of anybody.

M: So, are you into the whole California health-nut, low-fat, nouvelle-cuisine thing?

YB: Let's see—tonight for dinner I'm having a thick filet mignon, creamed spinach, and asparagus drenched in hollandaise sauce. Oh, yeah, I'm very conscious of my caloric intake and fat grams and...no. Hardly.

M: If all the food on earth were to disappear, would you rather starve to death or eat people?

YB: [after a long pause] Eat people. Oh, that's terrible. OK, how's this? I don't think I'd ever actually hunt a



person down and kill him for food. I wouldn't be an eager cannibal. But if the person were already dead, and I were starving to death, and I had my nice cookware...

M: Which part would you eat first?

YB: Probably the shoulder muscle. I think it would be nice and chewy. I'd maybe wrap it in a bit of fat, like bacon on a filet mignon.

M: Say the cannibals got you instead. Which part of your body would be the first to go?

YB: Hmm. I'm not sure where they should start. So many places would be tender and delectable.

M: If I wanted to write you a love poem, can you suggest a word that rhymes with Bleeth?

"I wouldn't hunt a person down for food. But if he were already dead..."



YB: Teeth.

M: How about beneath?

YB: Beneath is good.

M: [briefly disoriented by implausible fantasies] OK. Your next TV movie, *Ultimate Deception*, airs in January opposite the State of the Union address. Just for the record, have you ever had sex with Bill Clinton?

YB: [after a full 10-second pause] No. Wait...no.

M: Took you a while.

YB: [smiles] I wanted to make absolutely sure.

M: Why did you name your Boston terrier Elvis?

YB: I'm a huge fan. I'd name my first male child Elvis, but I'd probably get too much flak for it. I even visited Graceland to celebrate my 22nd birthday. Elvis was my first crush as a little girl.

M: Your very first crush?

YB: Well, there was this little boy who lived next door. I'd bribe him with G.I. Joes to show me stuff.

M: Stuff?

YB: His *penis*. Hey, we were only seven years old! It was a long-term relationship. It took quite a few G.I. Joes. More than anything, I wanted him to kiss me, but he wouldn't have any of that. He would rather show me his equipment so he didn't have to touch me.

M: And do you remember what you thought when you finally saw his seven-year-old equipment?

YB: I thought he should give me a couple of those

G.I. Joes back. M

Yasmine at a Glance

Vital stats: Born June 14, 1968, in New York City, to an Algerian-born fashion model and an American businessman. Has two half brothers, ages 10 and 13: "They're thoroughly unimpressed with me as a big sister, but their friends make them call me all the time so they can say hello."

Childhood hobby:

Disfiguring Barbie dolls.
"I'd give them weird haircuts, rip off an arm, rip
off a foot. I was just trying to give them their
own style."

Origin of "Bleeth":

"Russian-German. It used to be Blut—which is 'blood' in German—before one of my ancestors changed it. Bleeth is a little easier on the ears."

If there were an animal called the Bleeth:

"It would definitely be something simian. Like a marmoset, or maybe a spider monkey."

Favorite cereal brand:

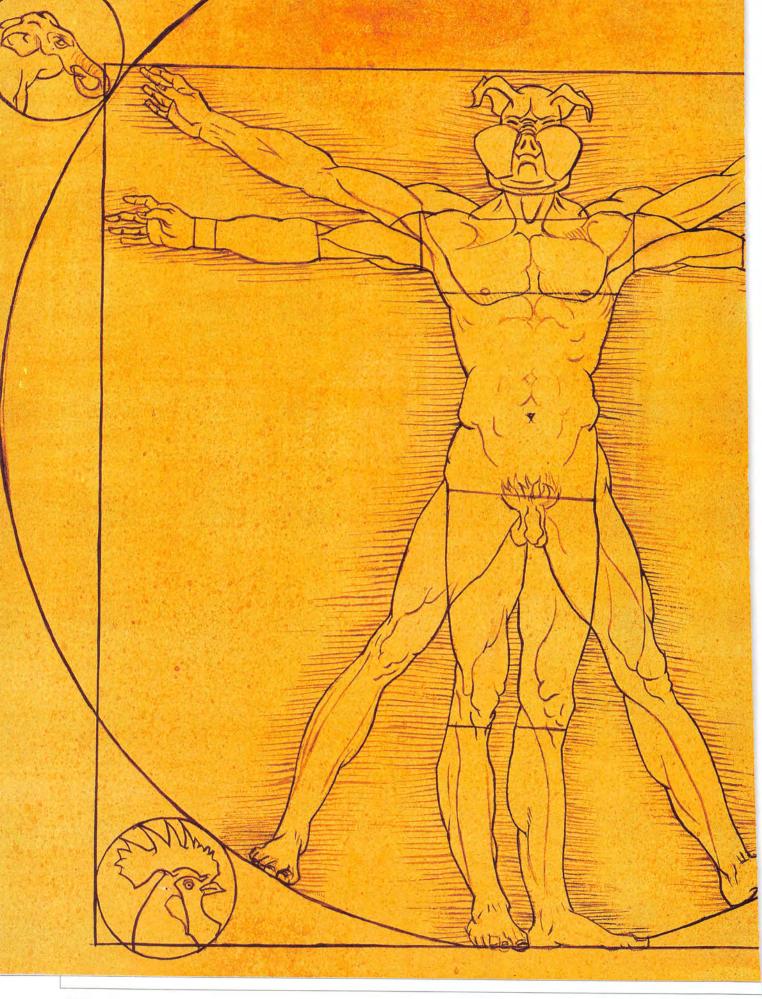
"Life. And every once in a while, Cap'n Crunch. But no crunchberries iust standard."

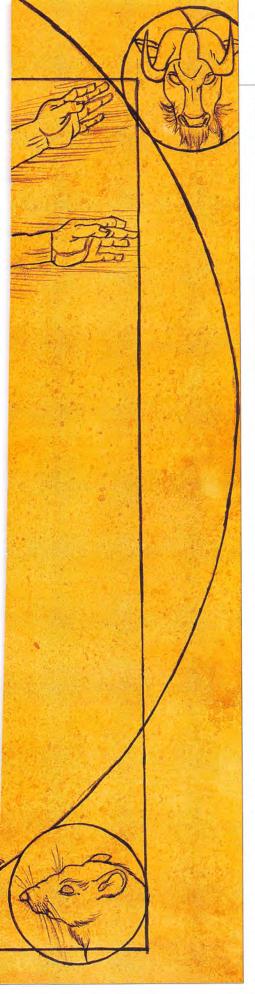
Drug of choice: The sake bomb. "It's like a boilermaker, but instead of whiskey, you drop a shot glass of sake in a mug of beer and chug it down. It takes about four to get me smashed."

What happens then:

"When I'm out with my girlfriends at a bar, and I see some young 18-yearold boy, just for fun I say: 'Hi, honey. Do you like girls? Do you like girls exclusively? Oh, good.'" page: black pinstriped suit and burgundy bustier by Dolce & Gabbana, ring by Tom Binns, Next page: Black bustier dress by Dolce & Gabbana







Or are we? Recent behavioral studies indicate that men are actually rats, chickens, elephants, even brindled gnus. Here's the scientific evidence. By John Tessitore

eah, yeah, men are swine—we've heard it a million times. But is it true? Sure, we'll eat anything that isn't made of metal or recognizably derived from members of our own species. And we do love to wallow in filth: locker rooms, smelly apartments, last week's underwear.

But pigs have corkscrew-shaped penises (a.k.a. "pizzle cords") and we don't, so the analogy crumbles. Man is a complex animal, and to get to the heart of what it means to be a guy—as multifaceted as we are—we'll have to hunt a little deeper in the animal kingdom. Follow along as *Maxim* cleverly traces male behaviors back to the jungle...

Male behavior: We adhere to a strict Guy Code.

The Guy Code may be unwritten, but it's perfectly clear: Never steal beer. Never offer help to a guy building a fire unless he asks. And, most important of all, never, ever sleep with your buddy's girlfriend, no matter what she's wearing.

The randy male hamadryas baboons of Somalia have a similar code. The average baboon guy keeps two or three girls around all the time, and yes, he has no problem stealing baboon babes away from the harems of strangers. But he will never, ever try to steal the girlfriend of a guy from the same sleeping area. It simply isn't an option. They also never steal beer—at least they never get caught. ▷





Male behavior: We belch without shame.

Though it may not be the polite thing to do, nothing caps off a good meal better than a loud, guttural belch. Well, we're not the only primate that recognizes this truth. At feeding time, gorillas spread out around the forest and enjoy their meals in relative privacy. Because they don't like to lose contact with one another, however, they will often grunt and burp loudly so that other gorillas can hear, as if to let their feeding neighbors know that "these leaves are good," or "we have to come back to this place again," or "if I eat another foot and a half of tree bark, I'm gonna puke."

Male behavior: We have "commitment issues."

When the passion in our relationship subsides (i.e., the moment we hit the bedroom jackpot), we bolt in search of greener pastures. Elephants are no less skittish. Since female elephants are only fertile once every five years, a male elephant can spend a considerable portion of his life desperately courting a frigid but flirtatious lady. He'll stick his trunk down her throat, stroke her privates, and nuzzle and snuggle with her for up to the entire five years. But when the male's

persistence is finally rewarded with a colossal orgasm, he dumps her and goes back to his bachelor friends to recount the intimate details of his five-year fling. (And remember, elephants never forget.)

> Male behavior: We're overly aggressive in business.

> > Appropriately, our national symbol mimics the classic American male strategy for getting ahead. When a bald



GORILLAS GRUNT AND BURP LOUD ENOUGH TO LET THEIR NEIGHBORS KNOW "THESE LEAVES ARE GOOD!"

eagle is too tired to hunt, he mugs a fishcarrying bird in midair, forcing it to drop its dinner, then catches the fish before it hits the ground. Or he'll swoop down on a lounging sea otter (they eat while floating on their backs) and snatch the food right off the otter's belly. When the going's really tough, he'll barge in on a scavenger party, shooing away crows and vultures to take the prime position atop a fresh animal carcass.

"That's Washington for you," says one cynical otter, who's been mugged 12 times in the last two weeks and is now thinking of voting Republican.

Male behavior: We play the "sensitive" card.

We know what most women want: They want sensitive guys, vulnerable guys, guys in touch with their inner children. Do we fit the profile? Hell, no. But we can fake it. So can the akoushi, a South American rodent. To attract a female, this instinctual bullshitter cries like a baby, begs like a hungry child, and shivers in fake timidity when a female approaches. And wouldn't you know it? The weakest, squishiest akoushi usually succeeds in

bedding a female. Of course,

marking her as his territory and forcing her to put out. As one well-intentioned *Maxim* experiment proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, this is *not* a recommended strategy for humans.

if the sensitive act doesn't work, the

akoushi male sprays the female with piss,

Male behavior: We can't stand physical pain.

Sure, we can take a punch or a shot in the gut from an M-16. But outside the context of proving our manliness, it's a different story: Stubbing our toes, getting paper cuts, even banging our funny bones, enrages us and makes us want to lash out at the cruel world for causing us so much discomfort.

Rats lose it just as easily. In one laboratory experiment, a solitary rat learned he could stop painful electrical shocks by pressing a lever in his cage. But when a second rat was added to the cage, the first one, instead of pressing the lever when he was shocked, beat the shit out of the new rat, even though the shocks kept coming. In a post-torture interview, the first rat said that bitch-slapping his cellmate actually made him "feel better."

Male behavior: We are blustery show-offs in victory, inconsolable puss-faces in defeat.

Whether it's the Super Bowl or a round of Monopoly, it's never just a game to men. Triumph and you get to laugh, crow, and wag your finger in the face of the defeated; lose and you're biologically compelled to mope like a three-year-old.

Same's true in the henhouse. Like the fastest draw in a one-horse town, the dominant rooster is a walking target for ambitious younger roosters. And when a new kid in the barnyard picks a fight with a head honcho rooster and wins, the deposed king faces a wall in shame, sulking silently with his head down, until the

AMONG THE BRINDLED GNU, LY WEALTHY "LANDOWNERS" ARE ALLOWED TO MATE.



victor mercifully prances away in glory. Loser hens—after all, why should our animal parallels be limited to the males of a species?—are even worse than roosters: After they've received beatings of their own, they find weaker chickens to beat on. By the way, the worst loser of all is the rat, who skulks away and can literally die of shame after losing a fight.

Male behavior: We love nothing more than wasting time.

Given two weeks of disability time, would you work day and night to discover a cure for the Ebola virus, or would you spend that free stretch getting in touch with *Cheers* reruns and Sega hockey? Thought so.

Since sea lions are almost perfectly suited to life on the California coast—they're fast, agile swimmers, they eat readily available food, and they know the difference between real and silicone breasts—they don't have to work

particularly hard to survive. So

instead of sweating out their livings, they

pass the vast majority of their time play-

ing: diving off rocks, climbing boulders,

body-surfing, and-more and more fre-

MALE MARSUPIAL MICE HAVE A FRENZIED

THEN DIE OF EXHAUSTION.

suggestion that these debauched bonobos end up with hairy palms.

Male behavior: We all dream of having one perfect, sweaty, 12-hour orgy before we die.

We know we're going to die someday. The only question is, How do we want to go? In a blaze of glory, of course. Over a 12-hour period during mating season, each male marsupial mouse has intercourse with a small army of females. At the end of that time—you guessed it—he dies of exhaustion. Some poor males have been found hours later with half-burned-down cigarettes still hanging from their rigor-mortised lips.

Male behavior: We're warlike, greedy, territorial imperialists.

Why? Because land is power, and power attracts women. Among the brindled gnu of the Ngorongoro Crater in Tanzania, only the landowners get to mate. The

unlucky herd of slobs without homes is left to roam the craters looking for undeveloped real estate—or, better yet,

some land to steal. Occasionally the impoverished nomads attempt a peasant revolt. As soon as the landowners detect invaders in their territory, they go to war, locking horns with the barbarians and battling in a bloodless tug of war contest. The freeholders seldom lose, and the girl gnus continue to flock around them. But the recent popularity of prenuptial agreements among the gnu suggests that the landed gentry may now be fighting on the home front as well.

Male behavior: We eat, drink, sleep, and breathe sex.

quently-channel-surfing.

Apparently our perverse fascination is inherited. Bonobos, often called the gentle apes, are our close relatives; they're also some of the most oversexed animals on the planet. Oral sex, Kama Sutra positions, lesbianism—they do it all, in public. A typical bonobo will participate in some kind of sex act almost every hour and is usually watching others when he's not involved in the frolicking himself. Despite the repeated warnings of jungle elders, there has never been credible evidence to support the

Male behavior: Once we've secured the girl, we drop all pretense of romance.

At some point in every relationship after the initial cooing and cuddling stage, we get lazy. We no longer feel compelled to smother our girlfriends with

gifts. No

more boxes of chocolate or expensive dinners for our sweethearts. We don't bring them flowers anymore.

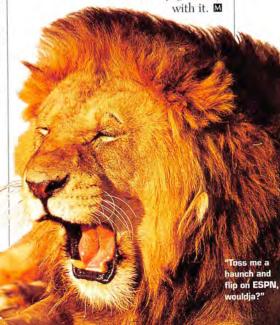
When a male and a female raven first meet, they ceremoniously feed each other as a gesture of their friendly, amorous intentions. But after they've become familiar—or bored—they only go through the feeding motions, pecking at each other's empty bills. Then they flip on Leno and hit the hay.

Male behavior: We expect dinner on the table, even if our wives/girlfriends have worked just as hard as we have.

Thirty years of women's liberation and we're still firmly, if somewhat stupidly, convinced that women are more comfortable than we are in the supermarket and in the kitchen.

In the wild, similarly, lions make their lionesses—paler and less conspicuous than the males—do most of the hunting. The females shop the savanna, track down stray animals at bargain prices, and prepare feasts after long life-and-death struggles with their prey. Only then do the lions appear, well rested, heads held high, demanding to be the first served. And with no organized feminist movement to oppose them, the bas-

tards actually get away





WHERE ARE ALL THE WHERE ARE ALL THE WHERE ARE ALL THE WAR AND THE

You need it bad and *Maxim* is here to make sure you get it good. We bribed locals, hit up the jet set, and threatened the hippest travel agents to bring you vacation spots with more women than you can shake a martini at. Plus, we square you away with inside tips that guarantee VIP access—if not a drink named after you. By Elliot Neal Hester

emember what a great time you had on vacation last year? Hey, who could forget! Seven days and six nights with your three best buddies, getting drunk and cursing the travel agent for not telling you you'd have had a better chance of scoring a date if you were serving time in Angola. This year, get your paycheck's worth with Maxim's antidote to civilization: Women. Lots of them, having fun and looking for a little vacation action at a cool, easy-to-reach place. And so you don't embarrass us by looking as clueless as a tourist in black knee-socks, we've done all the legwork: Where to go, what to do, and what to wear while you're doing it. Fasten your seat belts...you've got Maxim as your expert tour guide.

BICOASTAL BABYLON

Breathtaking coastlines; warm sandy beaches; friendly and attractive natives—you can get all these without packing a passport. Right here in the States, there are a couple of all-season beaches on



Every winter, the fashion industry—models, photographers, and stylists—migrates to South Miami Beach. You should, too.

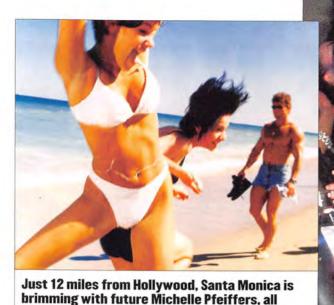
either coast with sun goddesses ready for worship. Surf's up.

The American Riviera South Miami Beach, Florida

In the mid-1980s, South Beach's colorful art-deco buildings and year-round balmy climate began attracting fashion directors searching for a spot in which to produce outdoor photo shoots during the winter. Modeling agencies sprang up, bars and restaurants boomed, and fashionistas from all over the world turned South Beach into an American Monaco. "South Beach is all about sex, beauty, and body," says Blair Kruse, a Miami

Beach-based fashion photographer. Models are everywhere. Posing in street-side fashion shoots, lying on the beach, buying groceries at Publix Supermarket (1045 Dade Boulevard, 305-534-4621). And it's not just the models who make South Beach beautiful: Most of the stylists, makeup artists, photo assistants, and other attendant slaves to fashion are very nearly models—with brains to boot.

Where to stay: Got bank? Crash at the superchic Delano Hotel (1685 Collins Avenue, 800-555-5001, \$310-\$415/double), conceived by Studio 54 honcho Ian Schrager. Frugal travelers stay across the ▷



trying to maintain their summer tans.

4661, \$50-\$74).

street at the Claremont Hotel (1700 Collins Avenue, 305-538-

What to do: No need for a car. All the action happens in a three-bytwelve-block grid (Ocean Drive, Collins Avenue and Washington Avenue, between Fifth & Seventeenth Streets). Topless girls dot the sand between Sixth & Tenth Streets

(never, ever take photos; they'll hate your guts). For lunch, grab a burger at the trendy News Cafe (800 Ocean Drive, 305-538-6397), and pretend to read *Le Monde*

while legions of legs go by. After 9 P.M., make Mango's Tropical Café your spot (900 Ocean Drive,

305-673-4422). "The beautiful Latin women who come here are unreal," claims Mango's manager, Ron McLean. And being served by a hard-bodied bartender in a bikini makes the Cuervo shots go down a hell of a lot smoother.

Maxim's inside line: The best spot for meeting A-level women is the swimming pool in the Delano Hotel. Nonguests aren't allowed to *look* in there. So if you can't even afford to spend a night in the boiler room, buy a one-day, \$20 membership to the Delano's David Barton Gym. You get complete gym and pool access.

The Casting Coast Santa Monica, California

What South Beach is to models, Santa Monica is to aspiring actresses. Just 12 miles from Hollywood, this seaside community sports the widest stretch of beach along the entire Pacific coast. Al Pacino, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Bruce Willis now have corporate offices among the 450 cafés, shops, bars, and nightclubs—all brimming with future Michelle Pfeiffers. In winter, the water's a

bit chilly for full-body swimming, but don't worry—the beach is still packed with women trying to maintain their summer tans.

Where to stay: Hotel Carmel (201 Broadway, 310-451-2469, \$90/double) offers a basic, no-frills deal but is just a block from the beach and around the corner from action-packed Ocean Avenue. If you want to impress, consider Shutters on the Beach (1 Pico Boulevard, 800-334-9000); the beachfront hotel has a 26-mile bike path as a backyard (teaming with pony-tailed rollerbladers) at a wallet-cleaning \$325-per-night price tag.

What to do: Check out the UCLA men's volleyball matches at Chataugua Street's 16 sand courts. The beach is thick with female spectators, so bring a volleyball and start





a fun game with a couple of eagerlooking girls. If you see film-equipment trucks near the volleyball courts, watch them tape an episode of *Baywatch*. Who knows? Maybe they'll need an extra for the mouthto-mouth-resuscitation scene.

Maxim's inside line: Hit Voda (1449 Second Street, 310-394-9774), "one of the coolest places in L.A.," says Chris Rubin, correspondent for Travel & Leisure magazine. Reserve a table for 7:30, throw on a nice shirt, and await the upscale female producer types wanting to relax after clinching multimillion-dollar deals. They'll find you "refreshing." After dinner, tell your server you're going to Lounge

217 (217 Broadway, 310-394-6336), the strictly A-list club 60 steps around the corner. A Voda staffer will escort you from the restaurant, past the waiting mob behind the velvet rope, and straight into the club, free of charge.

PLEASURE PEAKS

Most experienced skiers know that some of the best ski areas have the worst nightlife: Everybody hits the sheets at 8 P.M. to hit the slopes at

dawn. These two Colorado ski towns, however, supply the perfect winter combo: great daytime skiing and after-dark party possibilities that'll blow your boots off.

Mountain Mamas Vail, Colorado

With 4,644 acres of skiable land, Vail Mountain boasts the biggest ski turf in North America. This means top-notch skiing at every level, and an abundance of fresh-faced Noxzema sorts who like their beer as frosty as their snowcaps. "Vail caters to a young crowd with beautiful, down-to-earth women," says Terri Avina, a resort concierge and actual Vail resident.

Where to stay: The 350-room
Marriott Mountain Resort
(715 West Lionshead Circle, 800-648-0720, \$129\$179/double) is 150 yards
from Eagle Bahn Gondola, the
quickest way to the top of Vail
Mountain. A car is unnecessary.

The Vail shuttle buses you

What to do: Around 3
P.M., when the ski lifts begin shutting down, slalom to the Red Lion (304 Bridge Street, 970-476-7676). "The girls who come here are outdoorsy, sports-minded party types," says bartender Heather Gauntt. Wear your ski clothes; talk with girls about your day on the slopes. Around

anywhere in town for free.

nine, go to Garton's Bar & Grill (143 East Meadow Drive, 970-479-0607) for solid live music and its famous wooden floor, which bends a foot up and down from the weight of bouncing bodies.

Maxim's inside line: If you're a good skier, make the most of your prowess. Polish off your last run by skiing past Garfinkel's Restaurant (536 West Lionshead Circle, 970-476-3789), located at the base of the mountain. Its outdoor deck is packed with aprés-ski bunnies

YEAH, BABY! HOOK UP LIKE AN INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY

Travel note: Most women on vacation are looking for action as much as you are. Here's how to get a girl to wear you as an all-week sarong.

Catch her fresh off the

plane. "The first 24 hours, tourists are scrambling to get their social affairs in order," explains Michelle Facey, a spokesperson for the Hedonism II resort in Negril, Jamaica. Offer to split the cab fare from the airport or volunteer to lug her luggage in the hotel lobby. She'll stick by you the rest of the



trip. "People get comfortable and don't try half as hard to meet new people once they find someone," says Facey.

Hail from her hometown. If you express familiarity with where she's from, you'll feel as comforting to her as a slice of homemade apple pie. "People gravitate toward others from the same area because they trust them," says Eleanor Berman, author of *Traveling Solo* (Globe Pequot Press, 1997). If you're not neighbors,

Pequot Press, 1997). If you're not neighbors, fudge it. Perhaps you live in the same tri-state area. It'll work wonders when she's being served the regional delicacy of chilled monkey brains.

Conduct first conversations fully clothed. A woman has her guard up when she's nearly naked. So when it comes to initiating contact, wait until she throws on her beach dress and hops up to get a soda.

Don't pester the locals. They aren't on vacation. "This is their lives," explains Heather Gauntt, a bartender at the Red Lion in Vail, Colorado. "They don't have that freewheeling vacation mentality." Stick to your own kind: the girls with the maps and confused looks.

Head for the *real* **singles scene.** On scuba dives, instructors will insist that you buddy up. Ski lifts, built for even numbers, force the odd girl and guy to sit together. Make conversation, then ask, "Wanna ski the run together?" Chances are you'll be jumping moguls with her.

-Judy Dutton

drinking margaritas and brutally rating skiers at the end of their runs. "If you look good skiing, they're impressed," says Avina. "But if you're lousy, everybody will laugh at you." In case you pull an "agony of defeat," keep an extra jacket handy to change into, so they won't recognize you when you walk in with your skis between your legs.

Beverly Hills on the Rocks Aspen, Colorado

With lift tickets at about \$55 a day, Aspen is one of the world's most expensive ski resorts, boasting ▷ There are secret places women go that no man dares to tread. Except you.



While not exactly vacations, these are the undiscovered mother lodes, full of women finding themselves. And you can lend a hand.

Say, "Spaaah"

Sure the idea of having your body smothered in green algae is terrifying, but you can't beat the odds at New Age Health Spa (800-682-4348) in the southern Catskills of New York State. Trophy wives, socialites, divorcées, and professional women in their mid-20s to early 40s make up 90% of the visitors, who pay top dollar to have their flesh rubbed by a complete stranger. After a hard day of steam rooms and seaweed wraps, these women have shed their urban-commando facades and summoned their inner woman.

Come alone and women will admire your pio-

neer spirit—and the fact that you're the only man for miles around. Bring a buddy and everybody will think you're gay. One week in a basic room goes for \$1,546 and includes meals, use of all spa facilities, and movies at night.

Save the planet: Rock her world

As an Earthwatch volunteer (800-776-0188), you'll be a scientist's sidekick, collecting data for environmental research projects. Your efforts will help protect endangered species while making your world a better place with an apple-cheeked tree-hugger who believes in free love.

"Sixty percent of our volunteers are women," says Blue Magruder (yep, her name's Blue), Earthwatch's director of public affairs. "And 80 percent of them travel alone." There are hundreds of trips to choose from. Every year, for example, the Wild Dolphin Societies in Sarasota, Florida, recruit volunteers to study the mating habits of

Flipper. You'll save the planet, get a tan, teach a fish sign language, and make love to a woman named Summer. And because it's a scientific research project, the whole trip is tay deductible. A proweed assignment

entific research project, the whole trip is tax deductible. A one-week assignment costs \$600-\$1,300 (not including airfare).

food, fun, and female hunting ground is at 315 East Hyman Avenue. The building boasts three bars and the popular Su Casa (970-920-1488), a busy Mexican restaurant that turns into a jam-packed tequila villa come midnight. It's so full of women, the odds are overwhelmingly in your favor. "It's like throwing at a 45-foot dartboard. You really can't miss," swears pool attendant Richard Brochner. The only way to get into the VIP nightspot, Caribou Club (411 East Hopkins Avenue, 970-925-2929), is

the season) one-week membership. "We get strictly high-end people," says head bartender Frank Zmuda. He means lots of movie stars, industry types, and wall-to-wall wannabes in their 20s and 30s cruising for sugar daddies. To blend in, try this unusual tack: Buy a round of drinks for the rich-looking guys at the bar and launch a conversation about market fluctuations. Women will materialize like images on Polaroid film.

Maxim's inside line: The best time to hit town is February 4–7, during Aspen's Annual Women's Weekend. Five hundred women racing for fun, plus the thousands wrapping up the ski season. Call the Aspen Ski Company (800-525-6200), which owns and operates virtually all of the mountain.

ISLAND FEVER

Facts is facts. There are few pleasures in life greater than swinging in a hammock with a drink in your hand and a gorgeous woman sporting a thong somewhere within eyeball's reach. While other island paradises will be clogged with cheesy tourists, you can be soaking up the real thing in two of the last untainted places in this hemisphere.

Treasure Island Margarita Island, Venezuela

Picture the arid landscape of Arizona surrounded by 50 beaches, all of them full of women who look like Salma Hayek. Situated 25 miles off the Venezuelan coast, Margarita Island is a favorite island desti- ▷

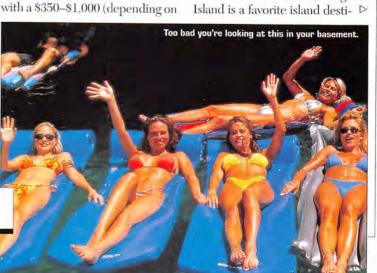
a roster full of celebrities and their entourages. Kevin Costner, Jack Nicholson, and Michael Eisner all own homes here. Women who come to Aspen are glamour girls in cashmere sweaters looking for powerbrokers, not ski bums. Still, the look is relaxed money: "Everybody dresses in jeans and ski sweaters, no matter who you are," says Bridget Byrne, a hostess at the Kenichi (533 E. Hopkins Avenue, 970-920-2212), a Japanese/Pan-Asian restaurant so star-studded that Ivana Trump and Marla Maples had reservations on the same night.

Where to stay: Hotels are damned expensive. But you and your pals can rent your own ice palace, like one of the condos in The

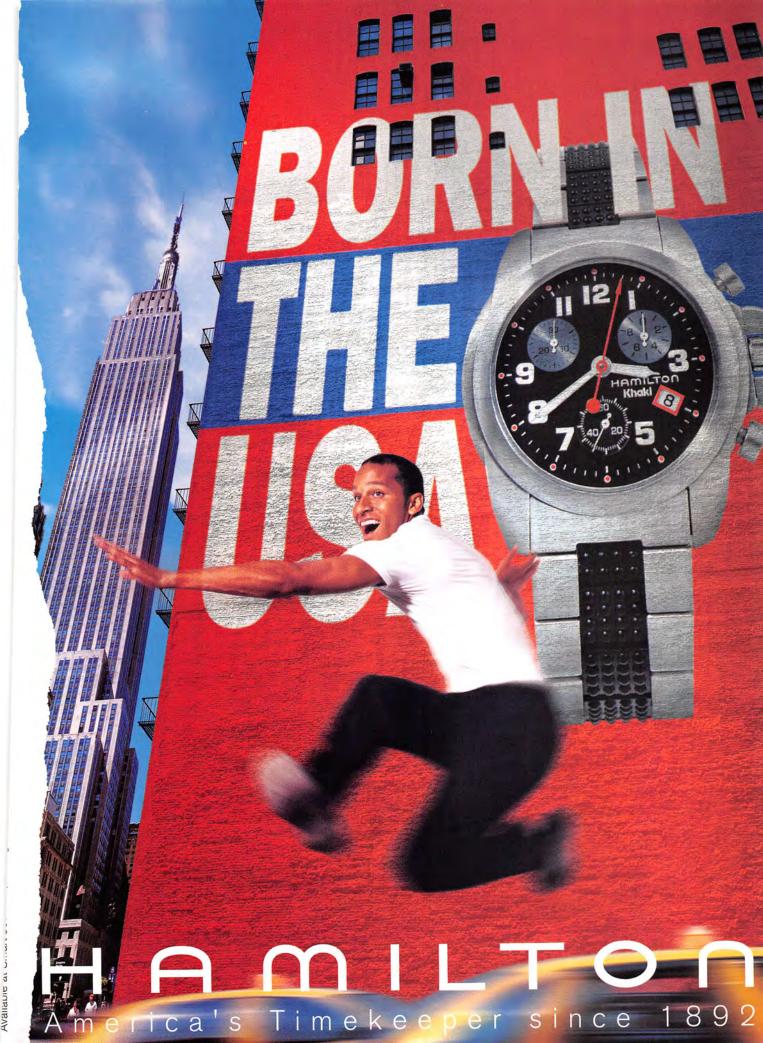
Gant (610 S.W. End Street, 800-345-1471). A two bedroom in this complex, with full amenities, runs about \$230-\$645 a night.

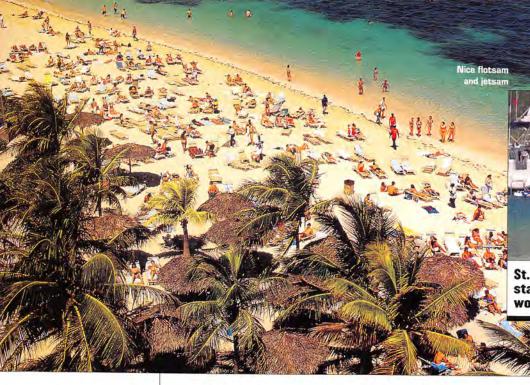
What to do: Your one-stop

Margarita Island's beaches are littered with exotic beauties.



Protographs, (ms page) super stock; Usentosk & Zoda/trivision; Cottrel/Laison; Greg Huglin/Adventure Photo & Film; (next page), Cosmo Condina/ Images; index Stock; FoodPix; Leo de Wys Inc., Vecto Verso; Image Bank





St. Bart's is an elite retreat for rock stars and celebrities and the women who love them.

nation for South American women.

Where to stay: For U.S.-style comfort (and air conditioning), book a room at the Margarita Hilton

Margarita Hilton (800-HILTONS, double rooms start \$135/night). You'll be close to all the action,

and just steps away from Margarita's more intimate beaches.

What to do: Live it up. The exchange rate is approximately 600 bolivars to the dollar, so buy the bar a few rounds of 50¢ beers at Playa El Agua, the most popular beach among single womenlots of funky restaurants and local girls to encourage cultural immersion. But bring a Spanish phrase book; most don't speak English. Book an air-and-hotel package with Apple Vacations (call your local travel agent for information). It runs charter flights from JFK every Monday, December through April. Seven-night packages start at around \$828 a person/double.

Maxim's inside line: The beach at Playa Caribe is littered with exotically beautiful Venezuelan women with equally exotic lifestyles: "This is where the strippers from Gold Finger's [Avenida Quatro de Mayo, 011-58-95-615-557] go to get their tans," says Jake Edgar, an American

who owns Margarita's best nightclub, Mosquito Coast (Avenue Santiago Mariño, downtown Porlamar, 011-58-95-641-404). Stop into the club around 11 P.M. and he'll introduce you to one of the many ravishing female bar patrons. You may be shy, but he's not.

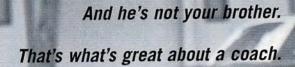
French Undressing St.-Barthélemy, French Caribbean

Large jets can't land on the tiny runway here. The port cannot, nor does it plan to, handle big cruise ships. The island was colonized by the French. These facts help make St. Bart's an elite retreat for rock stars, celebrities, and consummate hipsters who have cash—and the women who love them. "You don't have to look for beautiful girls in St. Bart's. They're always right in front of you," says Yael Choukroun, a president of Frenchway, the exclusive New York travel agency preferred by St. Bart's regulars Meg Ryan, Naomi Campbell, and Kate Moss. Even if you don't have proper bank to roll, you can land a trust-fund Barbie with a flick of your fake Rolex.

Where to stay: Les grands hotels like Hotel Guanahani (800-223-6800, starting at \$674 a night/double), located on both the Marigot oceanfront beach and the Grand Cul de Sac bayside beach, will shred your wallet. A room at

Hostellerie des Trois Forces (Vitet, 011-590-276-125, starting in the off-season at \$90/double, no A/C) will reveal your lack of status. Instead, rent a villa or beach cottage from WIMCO (800-932-3222), a St. Bart's rental agency with more than 180 properties on the island. A two-bedroom, twobath villa with a pool goes for \$4,800 a week. Split the cost with three friends and buy your own groceries and you can still sock away enough cash to fund a femme. What to do: First things first. St. Bart's is a cruising island, so put a little dough down on renting a great car. Cruise to St. Jean; the favorite beach of single women who sunbathe topless or nude. Make dinner reservations at Maya's (Public, 011-590-277-573), the sohip-it-hurts dining spot. Around 11, get good vibes at New Feeling (Lurin, 011-590-278-867), St. Bart's nightclub of the minute. At the bar, forget the Bud and splurge on a bottle of champagne. Ask for extra glasses and voilà! a few new friends will magically appear.

Maxim's inside line: When the nightclubs close at 2 A.M., afterhours house parties are the notorious St. Bart's custom. Make your villa *the* place to party by laying the groundwork all day. Invite any and all women you meet. Don't forget to add a few cool (if not slightly effeminate) model-boys as filler. Then race home by 1:30 A.M., make sure the wine is chilled, and await the party masses.



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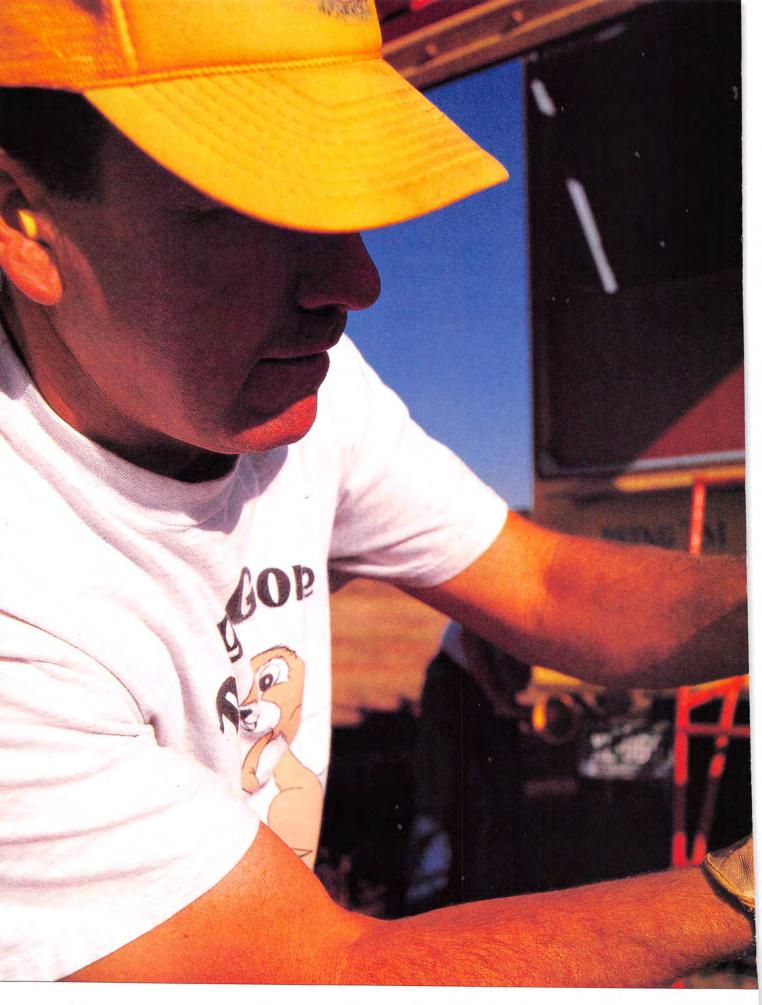
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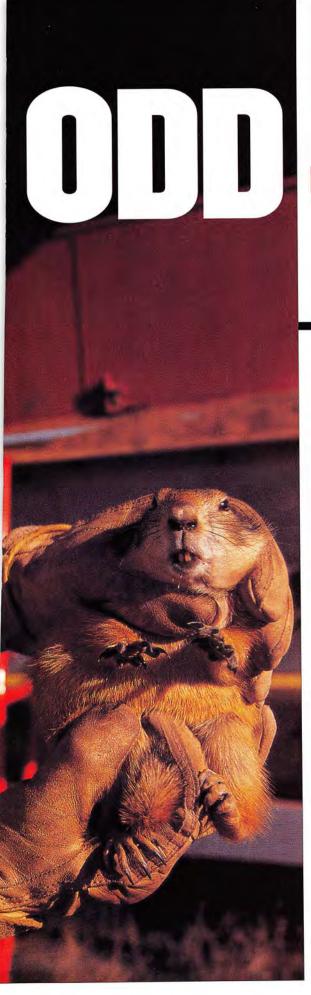
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JOBS

Who needs law school when you can make perfectly good money cleaning up murder scenes and building sex furniture? By David Jacobson

W

hen was the last time you didn't actually yawn when someone started talking about his job? We hear you. Luckily, in a world that seems to be populated by nothing but finance guys, lawyers, and Web site programmers, every once in a

while you meet someone who's doing something different. Really different.

PRAIRIE DOG RELOCATOR

Gay Balfour of Cortez, Colorado, was once a desperate man. When he was 50, he and his wife put their life savings into a marina project that sank. Broke, he prayed nightly for direction from the Divine, and this is what came to him: a dream about a giant truck-mounted vacuum cleaner that was sucking up prairie dogs.

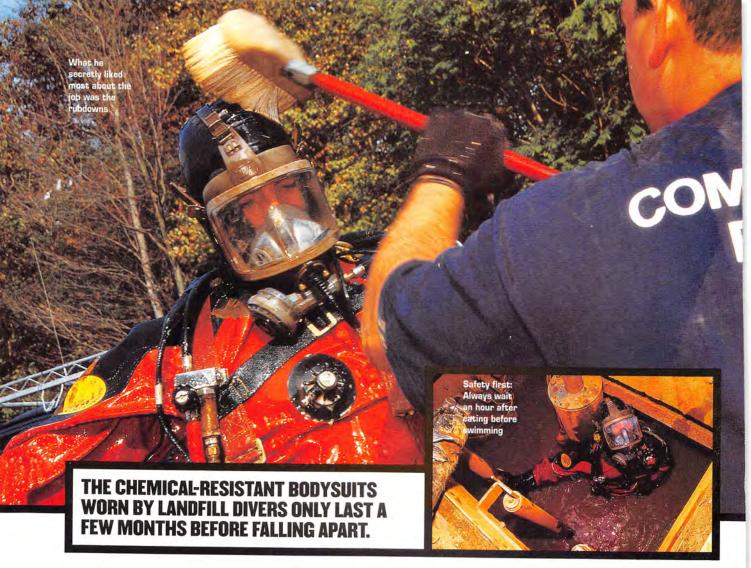
If you've ever lived on the Midwestern plains, Balfour's vision makes some sense. While visitors to the zoo see the prairie dog as a cute, fuzzy little critter with a chirping bark,

many ranchers and farmers see it as a foot-long termite with the wiles of the Road Runner and the fertility of a *Star Trek* Tribble. Living in underground burrows, in colonies that consist of hundreds of prairie dogs, the rodents eat crops and turn pastures into Swiss cheese with their tunnels. In response, many ranchers have organized varmint hunts, flooded the burrows, and poisoned the dogs...all of which produced somewhat mixed results and angered animal rights activists.

Enter Balfour: Within days of D



ONE NIGHT HE DREAMED ABOUT A GIANT TRUCK-MOUNTED VACUUM CLEANER THAT WAS SUCKING UP PRAIRIE DOGS.



having his dream, he'd borrowed money and bought himself a big yellow truck that he retrofitted with enough suction power to "take a bowling ball out of your hand."

Seven years later, his business, Dog-Gone, has sucked up thousands of prairie dogs around office parks (where they devour landscaping), farms, racetracks, and Indian reservations—even at a high-security Air Force base, where the rodents set off motion detectors.

In the worst-infested fields—acres where the prairie dogs standing with upturned snouts look like waves of asparagus shoots-Balfour has vacuumed up hundreds of dogs in a few hours, filling the back of his truck with a squirming, furry mass.

Initially, Balfour killed his catches and buried them en masse to make room in his truck for more. But he's grown ecologically sensitive. The prairie dog is food for a host of predators ranging from hawks and eagles to certain kinds of ferrets. Deprived of their favorite dish, these animals were beginning to die.

So now, at his customers' expense—his fee is \$1,500 a day-he saves the dogs, whose abrupt 40-mile-per-hour trip up his vacuum hose ends with them bouncing off the rubber-lined walls of his truck. He then hauls them off to wildlife refuges, where they're often dinner for recovering populations of predators.

"I didn't know all the ramifications when I started, but the good Lord blessed me to have a dream," says Balfour.



After years spent vacuuming the prairie, he relates to his prey. He can sense, from the rising whine of the vacuum, when a dog is down there, resisting. First come the sticks and paper that are the nesting materials ("There goes the TV and the sofa..."). Then "he's got his back arched and his feet up against the opposite wall, and he's holding on for dear life, trying not to get sucked along," Balfour says. "This is completely strange to him. This ain't never hap-

As rainwater percolates down through the layers of garbage in a landfill, it gradually turns into a toxic tea known as leachate. If the leachate isn't pumped out of the fill frequently, it will eventually mix with ground water and find its

The first time Wayne Brusate was lowered down a 10story shaft into the hot, stinking, oozing, poisonous depths of a landfill, it was to find out why one of these pumps, which are located at the shaft's bottom, wasn't working. What he discovered was seagulls, 27 of them, that had perched at the edge of the shaft, been overcome by the deadly gases rising out of it...and fallen in, feathered heads first.

It's been 20 years since Brusate "ungulled" that pump, and today his firm, Methane Divers of Port Huron, Michigan, is a rare specialist in landfill diving nationwide. A tougher job would be hard to imagine; Brusate even finds it difficult to say what the most brutal aspect of his occupation is. "Everybody [in the business] has their own thing that's the worst," he says.

If you're claustrophobic, it would have to be the confinement. Landfill shafts average four feet in diameter but get as narrow as 22 inches-a fit so tight that if you drop a tool, you can't bend to retrieve it.

If you're scared of the dark, maybe it's the way glacial movements in all that garbage can cause the segmented shafts to shift subtly. When a diver is standing there 200 feet down, surrounded by countless tons of disposedof diapers, half-eaten hamburgers, paint solvents, used Q-Tips, and five-day deodorant pads, he or she can look up and not see daylight.

Can't stand the heat? Temperatures frequently pass the 100 degree mark, thanks to those millions of cubic feet of filth all rotting at once. Divers wear chemical-resistant bodysuits to protect against the hot, corrosive crud; the ones used by Brusate's crews only last a few months before being eaten up at the seams.

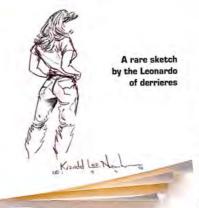
And then there's the leachate itself, which can collect to depths of 50 feet or more when pumps fail. It's zero visibility once you've slipped into that junkyard juice and are feeling your way along with double-gloved hands. Worse, it's just as hot as the shaft: "Think of being in a rubber jogging suit that's all sealed up...then jumping into a Jacuzzi," says Brusate.

But ultimately there are the seagull-snuffing gases produced by all that garbage to contend with. Hydrogen sulfide, of rotten-egg-odor fame, is present at levels so high it could kill you. There's also plenty of highly flammable methane—the stuff that burns blue on your stovetop. Some landfills burn off gases around the clock, only snuffing the Olympic-style trash torches when Brusate's crew arrives with pressurized face masks, airhoses, and spark-proof miner's lights to clear debris out or get a stuck pump up from the depths.

"It's like working at the bottom of a shotgun barrel," says Brusate of the explosive possibilities. "There's a lot of

NEWTON HAS SKETCHED MORE THAN 160.000 BACKSIDES **OVER THE PAST 11 YEARS.**





potential for problems." Air conditioning repair school, anyone?

BUTT SKETCH ARTIST

"I've been a butt man from day one," say Krandel Lee Newton. "I appreciate butts so much. I always have." Still, it took

Newton, 40, of Dallas, a couple of years of laboring as a mechanical engineer, then a stint as a starving street artist, to find his true life's work.

He was on a street corner one weekend, making a sketch for a painting. The canvas showed a crowd as seen from behind, watching a parade. Some guy driving by saw the charcoal lineup of rear ends and insisted on buying it for \$125. Newton's next batch of backsides sold, too.

WEIRD JOBS FOR THE 21st CENTURY

If you're sick of the unimaginative predictions so common to lists like these, you'll appreciate our "Think Big!" ideas.

Maximum-security toddlerprison warden: With younger and younger children committing increasingly violent crimes, we can expect metal detectors in preschools by 2005 and a diaperwetting prison population soon thereafter. As warden, you'll decide who needs major time-out in The Hole and which li'l felons just need a great big hug.

2 Adult-diaper-service manager: When the aging boomer generation starts making unscheduled backdoor deliveries, don't expect it to dump its ecological principles too. No throwaway Depends for this generation's end game! They'll insist on reusable, organic cotton. By 2010, if you have an 18-wheeler, a washing machine, and no gag reflex, you'll be seated on a golden career throne.

Survival-gear fashion designer: By 2017, contagious flesh-eating bacteria and terrorist nerve gas attacks will be daily threats. But just because we'll wear full biohazard suits to the office doesn't mean we'll want to look like styleless drones. The first guy to come out with a smart Italian-cut (double-breasted with an escape hatch in case of air-filter failure) or a



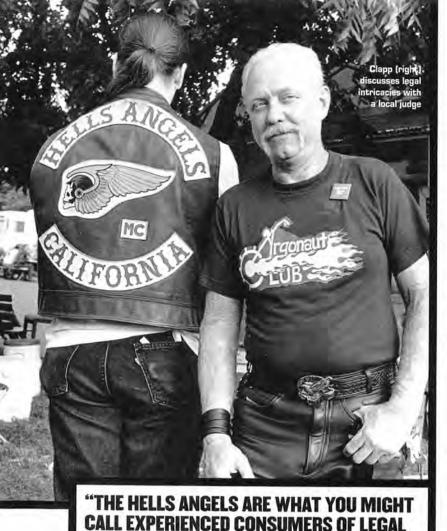
microbe-resistant khaki for casual Fridays will make a bundle.

6 Attention-span trainer: Forget about Alzheimer's disease (if you already have, see a doctor). The future's biggest problem will be young adults with brains so addled by Web surfing and music videos that they can't even concentrate

long enough to non-speed-dial 911. Trainers will work closely with clients on focusing skills such as selecting meals from non-hyperlinked restaurant menus and sitting through

multisyllabic words. 6 Sex robot repairman: Learn to

say stuff like "You'll want to go with 10W-40 on that groin lube" and "These pneumatic nipples are still under warranty" and you'll command hourly rates that will make doctors green with envy. Then, of course, there's the test drives.



Within months, people were getting their asses in line to buy sketches that traced the lines of their clothed rumps. Newton thought it was a lark and charged three dollars a butt. Then one day he wandered into an art supply store and saw six of his sketches being framed.

SERVICES." SAYS ATTORNEY FRITZ CLAPP.

Newton soon found himself charging \$225 an hour and jetting from campus raves to private loft parties to radio-station promotions to corporate booths at trade shows. Along the way, he registered Original Butt Sketch with the Patent and Trademark Office—so back off or he'll sue your ass—and hired five other artists to keep up with demand. His income has risen to six figures, and he estimates that, after 11 years, he's personally sketched more than

160,000 backsides. He has also heard the same tired joke about needing a wider sketch pad about 159,000 times.

Yes, he does naked butts, too, primarily at his private Dallas studio, where women fill the waiting room...particularly around Valentine's Day. In one instance, a woman and her boyfriend came in for a bareassed sketch; two weeks later the same woman returned with

her husband for a clothed posterior portrait.

Of course, it hasn't all been gravy... Newton has mapped the outbacks of several 300-pounders whose hind topography was better left unexplored. But overall, he has a butt man's dream gig. Women have arrived at his sketch pad wearing mini-dresses and confiding, "I just took off my panties." Over the years he's been paid to focus on the rear views of porn star Nina Hartley, actress Vanessa Williams, and former Entertainment Tonight anchor Leeza Gibbons, who made him grip his charcoal especially tight: "She had the whole package, plus she has a really great personality," he says.

HELLS ANGELS TRADEMARK LAWYER

"There are two kinds of infringements" on the trademarked winged-skull logo and Hells Angels name, explains attorney Fritz Clapp. "Let's say you tattooed the words on your arm in prison to enhance your status. That would be an infringement of membership. Someone claiming to be a member who isn't will be dealt with rather harshly, and not through a lawyer."

No, Clapp, a 52-year-old intellectual property lawyer based in Sacramento, California, deals only with commercial infringement: someone making money by, for example, using the Hells Angels name in vain.

Given the Angels' reputation (Hunter S. Thompson once described them as the "rottenest motorcycle gang in the whole history of Christendom"), you have to wonder how many companies would try to co-opt their legally owned symbols and moniker. Actually, plenty, from makers of snowboards, action figures, and sportswear, to comic-book publishers. In fact, there are enough light-fingered firms worldwide that Clapp spends a third or more of his work-hours sending warning letters, filing suits, and participating in mediation sessions. Lately he's been negotiating with Hollywood studios over a biopic about legendary Hells Angels leader Sonny Barger.

Back in 1992, Clapp was thrilled just to be interviewed for the job of the Angels' trademark lawyer. "They're the pinnacle of what they are," he says. "It's not just another motorcycle club. It's the most famous motorcycle club in the history of the world."

And what kind of lawyer would take on such "conspicuous clients," as Clapp calls them? Clapp has long identified with the Zen of the open road. He fought a losing battle against California's mandatorymotorcycle-helmet law and even paid his biker dues in the darkest way: In 1989 he was involved in a crash that left him burned, he says, over 55 percent of his body: "[The Hells Angels] recognized

that I wouldn't take them on as a client in just the usual relationship," he maintains. "It was important in my heart as well as in my mind to do a good job."

Ultimately, Clapp says, his work for the Angels has been ▷

Ken Starr minus the estrogen







"AT ONE MURDER SCENE, THE FLIES WERE SO THICK ON THE WINDOWS, I THOUGHT THE SHADES WERE DOWN."

good for his practice overall: "The Hells Angels are what you might call experienced consumers of legal services. They're no fools about lawyers, and if they use me, I am validated."

He sees the Angels primarily as a brotherhood of the road, dismissing their outlaw reputation as a mixture of media hype and law-enforcement prejudice. But he concedes that there are definite advantages to being in their corner. For example, the customized Harley he rides these days sports special stickers given to him by Hells Angels chapters around the country to recognize his work on their behalf. When he parks the bike, he leaves the keys dangling in the ignition. "You'd have to be a total gonzo fool to do anything to my motorcycle," he says.



damned spot!

"Shotguns are very, very messy," explains Kathie Jo Kadziauskas, the owner of Ventura, California-based Crime Scene Steam and Clean.

Kadziauskas knows. A former sales rep and United Parcel Service driver, Kadziauskas found her calling by helping a friend whose boyfriend took himself out of the running for Social Security benefits with a 12-gauge. "At the time," she says, "I couldn't imagine anything worse than a shotgun. Later, of course, I found out that wasn't completely true."

Kathie Jo: The not

o-grim sw

Four years back, Kadziauskas was one of the very first practitioners in the new business of postmortem mop-ups. Before entrepreneurs like her, shocked and grieving family and friends in homicide and suicide cases had to break out the sponges themselves. Now, as Kadziauskas notes, "the coroner takes the big pieces... and all the little stuff is ours." Forget high tech: For Kadziauskas, leadership in this field means creeping on hands and knees through gore-spattered rooms while wielding a scrub brush and germ-killing solvents. It means digging skull fragments out of walls, scraping brain matter off ceilings, and checking behind venetian blinds—where she once found a rifle suicide's ear stuck to a window. Last year Kadziauskas worked three days straight on a single shotgun blast that somehow spread body bits through five rooms.

One of the big challenges in this business is "decomps," as Kadziauskas calls her many cases of corpses gone undiscovered for days or weeks. Sure, most of the remains have been taken away before she arrives. But carpets and mattresses are often saturated with bodily fluids that feed broods of "big, fat white maggots," according to Kadziauskas. At one double-murder decomp, the flies were so thick on the windows, she says, "I thought there was a shade down." Worst

of all is the odor, which can only be removed by a days-long process of "bombing" the premises with a fine mist of chemical deodorant. But at \$200 to \$275 an ▷

WEIRD JOBS: THE SEQUEL

Hey, no one can read just one. So here's a few more employment opportunities from the strange side to make you thank God you're an accountant.

• Chicken butthole remover: Think your job sucks? Hey, you could be on a processing line, cutting the assholes out of chickens. "We called it the buttonhole job. because they look kind of wrinkled and tiny," says Sharon Cowdrey. now a nurse, who once removed 3,000 poultry "parts" a day: "You have to make a very smooth cut, then reach in and grab the rectum and pull it out." This also extracts the birds' bowels and their contaminating contents. As Cowdrey recalls: "In some ways it was a relaxing job, because you didn't have to think."

Professional coffee taster: Sometimes anatomy is destiny. Ask Dirk Diggler or, better yet, Mike Therrien: "My tongue doesn't look different from anybody else's; it's not four feet long or anything." But in terms of taste buds, Mike's got us licked. The average guy has about 100 taste buds per square inch of tongue: Therrien has 2,000. As product development manager



for the 3,500-store Dunkin' Donuts chain, he puts his sensory powers to work sniffing, slurping, and spitting out 300 coffee samples a day.

3 Bad-breath doctor: Jon Richter, D.M.D., Ph.D., has sniffed the flower-shriveling bouquets of most of the 6,000 patients he's treated at his Philadelphia clinic. Richter and aides sniff their patients' breath up close as part of "an assessment for objectionability of their breath." Working on breath so bad that jobs, marriages, and even lives can be at stake (Richter never lost a patient to suicide but knows doctors who have), the dentist-periodontist wants to make sure that he gets a full, fetid blast, so he asks patients not to brush beforehand.

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hour, a cost typically covered by homeowner's insurance, removing the stench of death can yield a tidy profit. "From a practical, business point of view, I'd like to have a lot more decomps," says Kadziauskas.

Don't get the wrong idea. Kadziauskas is plenty sensitive to her clients. Besides cutting deals with the uninsured, she guides survivors' reentry into affected rooms, helping them get over the added shock of missing ceiling tiles.

As for her own psyche, she claims she is not overwhelmed by her macabre labors. After most jobs, she and her crew go out to eat: "We almost never eat before," she says.

SEX FURNITURE CRAFTSMAN

He goes by the name Gaetano: just Gaetano. He is Italian, here in the States only a few years, with one of those thick spaghetti-commercial accents and halting, fumbling English for which he's quick to apologize.

But he doesn't equivocate about much else. For Gaetano, 48, is a man with a mission, an artist who believes that a welldesigned piece of furniture can have a Viagralike impact on your sex life.

Now, the average guy considers "sex furniture" to

be any padded surface that won't collapse or cause puncture wounds, so it's important to note that Gaetano's pieces are designed mainly for the crowd that's into bondage and discipline: folks for whom a hastily assembled stack of patio chairs or a towel-covered La-Z-Boy won't cut it.

Gaetano got his start by crafting medieval-looking cabinets, chairs, and tables out of discarded pieces of wood he found around his L.A. neighborhood. Then a woman who liked his style asked him to make her "a special bench with some chains, something like a torture bench that the church used during the Inquisition," says Gaetano. "It excited me to make this."

Soon Gaetano was busy building master's thrones and "spanking horses"-the usual unusual, but with a handhewn, classically European flair. And then he started making replicas of these private-collection items for friends. Well, you know how it is with sadomasochists: When they're not bound and gagged, there's plenty of word of mouth.

One day a car pulled up and a group piled out and carried a woman to his front gate. 'I thought she was paralyzed," Gaetano recalls. It turned out they were her slaves. "She sits on the throne that I have in my private collection and says, 'Oh, this is beautiful, oooh.' She calls, 'Kiss my foot!' and one of these guys went to kiss her foot. And then she tells me, 'I want a chair where I can hang another person and then I can dance in front of him and make him excited.' I made for her this kind of chair."

Now Gaetano sells a complete mail-order line at www.sexfurniture.com, proudly citing, for example, the fourpiece suspension cross as inconspicuous to mail and a breeze to assemble: "Say that a master or mistress wants a ceremony. They could bring in a piece of the cross on the shoulder of each of four slaves. This makes very beautiful choreography."

But when it comes to sex furniture, there's always plenty of customizing: "They want more chains, or they want bigger chains," says Gaetano. "Or somebody ask me, 'Can I have a line of nails around here?"

Sometimes things get a bit more elaborate. One big fellow visited his studio and beat around the bush for more than an hour before Gaetano suggested something that would resemble an electric chair: "As soon as I say the words, his eyes have a new light." Gaetano built him a home-use model complete with a big arm-mounted switch and a nine-volt battery.

The appeal of the piece, if you care to know, is that it gives the sitter a feeling of being completely at another's

mercy; "they think 'I have no choice. I am on the electric chair," Gaetano explains. "I believe between two people who are married and they are bored...maybe with this chair they start to make again love like they made 20 years ago." M



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Prime-time crisis: In 1992, jiggle king Aaron Spelling tries a sincere twentysomething version of his bubblegum hit *Beverly Hills 90210*. The end product proves less palatable than fat-free dust.

Heather to the rescue a year later as: Amanda Woodward, spectacularly insincere ad exec, lewd landlord, and tireless campaigner for that trashy bleached-blonde-with-darkroots look.

Special qualifications: Is a real Renaissance woman. In the mid-'80s, Heather proved she could wear crotch-length skirts and still bust balls with her legendary double shift as a regular on both *T.J. Hooker* and *Dynasty*.

Rock on, Newt! Heather digs both heavy-metal guys and the flat tax—she's a registered Republican!
Ratings result: Doubles viewership among 21- to 29-year-olds; transforms the show from nonviolent bore to official schlockfest of the '90s. ▷

If your TV series is sagging in the ratings, who you gonna call? One of these ablebodied Rescue Goddesses, that's who. By J.D. Heiman









LARA FLYNN BOYLE

Prime-time crisis: After its 1996 premiere, The Practice fails to make perfect. Reasons: 1) show's name is reminiscent of homework; 2) attorneys who kvetch endlessly about moral dilemmas; 3) no babe. Lara to the rescue in 1997 as: Helen Gamble, a feisty D.A. who spars wittily with fellow lawyers when not engaging them in lusty bedroom romps. Special qualifications: Is a practiced romper. On the TV cult classic Twin Peaks, Lara played crime suspect Donna Hayward, who occasionally engaged law-enforcement officers in lusty romps. Unsexy fact: Calls Mom her "best friend in the world." Ratings result: Après Lara, the show slowly gains a loyal following; Emmy judges find a reason to watch an entire episode and name show Best Drama Series.



KARI WUHRER

Prime-time crisis: Fox cancels this parallel-universe series in 1996 after it fails to find an audience in any dimension; the producers reinvent it for the Sci-Fi. Channel. Job One: stop it from sliding away again. Kari to the rescue in 1997 as: Maggie Beckett, a well-rounded military pilot who just happens to have breasts that are out of this world.

Special qualifications: Has said her body is her best asset. Rarely wore a shirt as a kid. Grew up to provide tasty python kibble in Anaconda and more nutritious Sean Penn kibble in The Crossing Guard. "And our next number will be... 'Screw You Think I'm Sexy?": While a student at NYU, Kari headed a punk rock outfit called Freudian Slip.

Ratings result: After a solid, Kari-fueled cable season, Sci-Fi picks up Sliders for another year.

MICHAEL MICHELE MICIDE: LIFE ON THE STREET

Prime-time crisis: The scruffy Baltimore cop show scores critical raves and a cult following, but loses star Andre Braugher in 1997. Call 911! Michael to the rescue this fall as: Detective Rene Sheppard, a former beauty contestant who busts perps and fends off pervy fellow cops with aplomb. Special qualifications: Learned all about criminal justice as a lawyer on New York Undercover. Learned all about beauty contests (and 85 nifty ways to tie a neon bandanna) as a finalist in a Seventeen magazine cover-girl competition. Hoop dreams: Was the star forward on the Lady Bulldogs, her Indiana high school basketball team. Ratings result: Time will tell, but at least this "shake-o-cam"-style police drama finally has a solid reason to jiggle.







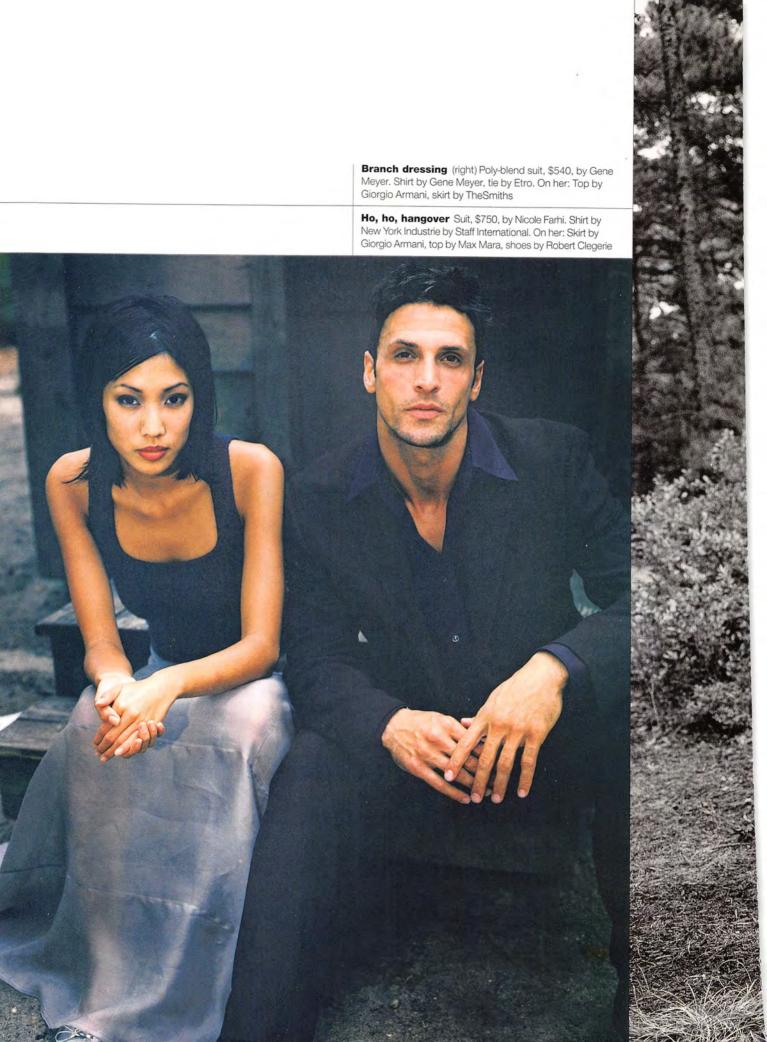




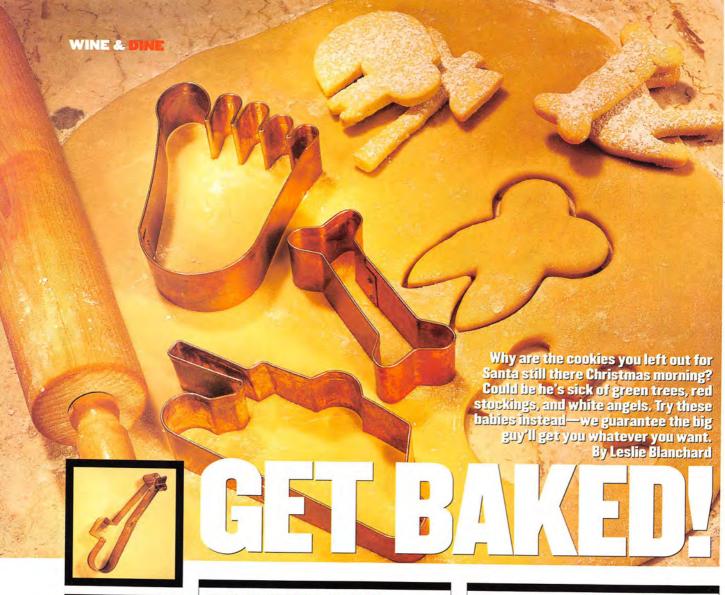
Over her deadly body Pleated rayon trousers from a suit, \$495, by Alfani. Shirt by Burberry, tie by Ermenegildo Zegna, cuff links by Kenneth Cole. On her: Dress by Tufi Duek

King of the road Chalk-striped suit, \$600, by Kenneth Cole Collection. Shirt by Ralph Lauren, tie by Polo by Ralph Lauren. On her: Top by J&ans Dolce & Gabbana, skirt by Religious Sex, shoes by Robert Clegerie















EASY-AS-PIE SUGAR COOKIES

INGREDIENTS

1/2 cup butter, softened

1/2 cup white or brown sugar

1 tsp vanilla

2 eggs

21/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

2 tsp double-acting baking powder

1/2 tsp salt

Butter (to lightly coat pan)

Colored icing (for decorating)

Cream together butter and sugar; stir in remaining ingredients until blended thoroughly. Chill dough in fridge 3–4 hours; preheat oven to 375°F. and grease a cookie sheet. Trying not to handle the dough too much, take 1/4 of the dough and roll it out on a clean counter to a thickness of 1/4 inch. Press cookie cutter down firmly on dough; use a spatula to move cookie cutout to the greased pan. Repeat with remaining dough. Mix dough scraps left between the cutouts back into unused dough. Bake pan o' cookies 7–12 minutes, until lightly browned. Decorate using pastry bags, tips, and icing.

CHOCOLATE REINDEER DROPPINGS

INGREDIENTS

11/4 cups butter, softened

2 cups sugar

2 eggs

2 tsp vanilla

2 cups all-purpose flour

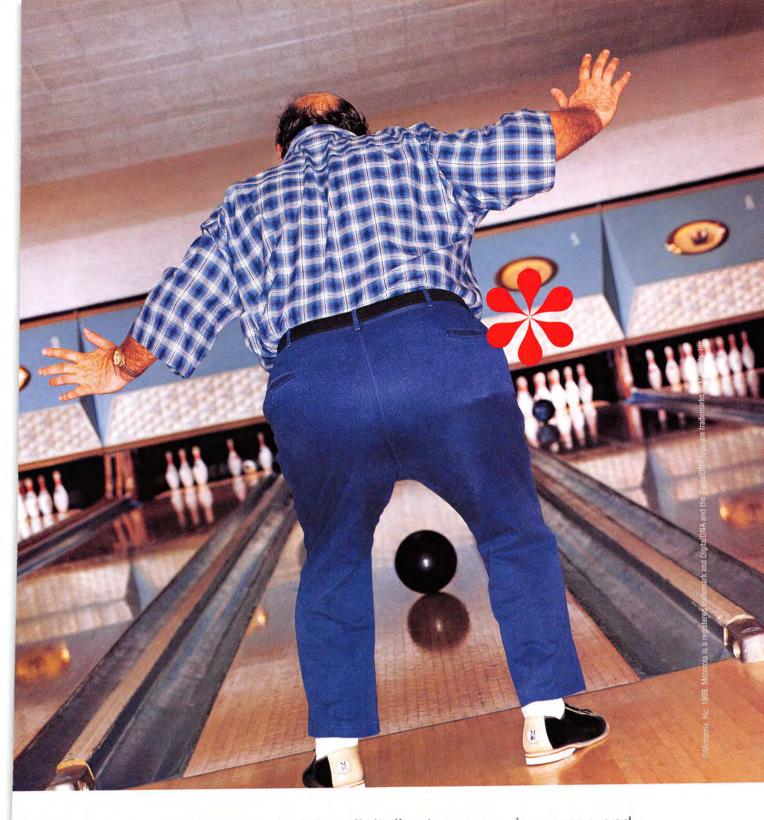
3/4 cup cocoa

1 tsp baking powder

1/2 tsp salt

1 pitcher rum-laced eggnog

Preheat oven to 350°F. Cream together butter and sugar, then blend in eggs—one at a time—and vanilla. In a separate bowl, mix dry ingredients, then blend in the egg mixture until completely incorporated and smooth, like MTV. Use 1 tsp of dough for each cookie, placing 12 evenly in each ungreased pan. Drink pitcher of eggnog; steady room with one hand. Now bake cookies 8–9 minutes and let cool in pan 2–3 minutes before moving to a cooling rack or paper towel. The cookies will "deflate" a bit after they come out of the oven, but you won't care. Makes 4 doz. cookies; serves one extremely stoned individual.



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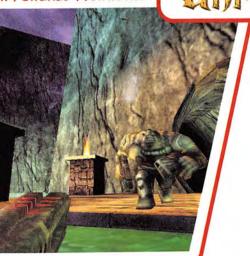
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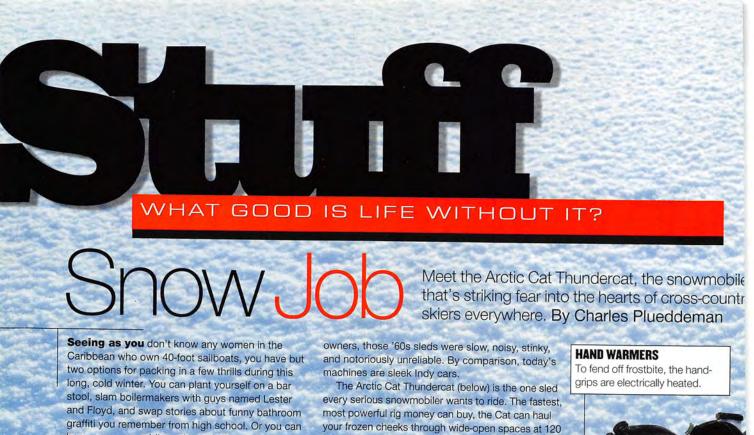
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FATS THE ENTERTAINMENT MADE EASY



Previews	Film	Stars	Story	We say
	Psycho (Universal) Release date: December 4	Vince Vaughn, Anne Heche, Julianne Moore	In this shot-for-shot remake of Hitchcock's 1960 classic, schizo motel owner Norman Bates (Vaughn) carves up lodgers, fights with "Mom" and doesn't even offer free HBO.	Check in. Though in some ways we'd rather shower in blood than see this copycat "tribute," those damned little voices inside our heads keep saying we must.
	Star Trek: Insurrection (Paramount) Release date: December 11	Patrick Stewart, Jonathan Frakes, Marina Sirtis	The X-Files in space. Captain Picard uncovers a dark Federation conspiracy and revolts, leading his crew on a treasonous mission to save some pussy planet.	Engage. It's time for a Trek fix, guys—if only to bide our time until the new Star Wars docks.
	The Prince of Egypt (DreamWorks) Release date: December 18	Voices of: Val Kilmer, Ralph Fiennes, Sandra Bullock, Michelle Pfeiffer	The Ten Commandments as a "serious" musical cartoon focusing on the sibling rivalry between the adopted Moses (Kilmer) and the future condom namesake, Ramses (Fiennes).	Thou shalt not bother! Droughts and plagues set to cheesy music? Can't see it, even if—as previews suggest—the awesome animation blows Disney away.
	You've Got Mail (Warner Bros.) Release date: December 18	Tom Hanks, Meg Ryan	As rival bookstore owners with no apparent lives (and an overload of charming quirks), Hanks and Ryan fall achingly—and unknowingly—in love via anonymous E-mail.	AO-Hell. If you've got female, however, especially one who boohooed through <i>Sleepless in Seattle</i> 50 times, get ready to— <i>sigh</i> —log on.
	Mighty Joe Young (Walt Disney) Release date: December 25	Char- lize Theron, Bill Paxton	Leggy girl (Theron) raises oversize ape (smaller than King Kong, larger than Hulk Hogan). Girl rescues ape from African poachers. Ape goes bananas in L.A.	Mighty tempting. Supposedly for kids, but the creepy megamonkey and the safari-shorted Theron (The Devil's Advocate) excite us—in slightly different ways.
	Patch Adams (Universal) Release date: December 25	Robin Williams, Monica Potter, Philip Seymour Hoffman	In this dramedy, an eccentric medical student (Williams) trades his stethoscope for a whoopee cushion to heal the sick with laughter.	Paging Dr. Kevorkian! When Williams is funny, he's God. But when he's sappy—and our sap sensors are tingling here—he's god-awful.
	A Civil Action (Walt Disney) Release date: December 25	John Travolta, Robert Duvall	Travolta's a greedy small-time lawyer (boo! hiss!) who risks his practice (yay!) to help sick families sue an evil industrial polluter (boo! hiss!) played by Robert Duvall.	Might not suck. Normally we consider touching courtroom dramas toxic, but this cast's intensity should strike Grishamesque gooeyness from the record.
	The Faculty (Miramax) Release date: December 25	Elijah Wood, Jordana Brewster, Salma Hayek, Jon Stewart	Teenagers discover there are worse things about high school than term papers—such as alien, worminfested teachers bent on world domination. And cafeteria food.	Extra credit! Creators Kevin Williamson (Scream) and Robert Rodriguez (From Dusk till Dawn) excel at hip horror. Plus Hayek as the school nurse? We're in.

Maxim Q&A

24th Century Fox

Marina Sirtis—also known as Counselor Troi, Star Trek's shapely mind reader—reveals a couple of other dimensions.



In this month's Star Trek: Insurrection, actress Marina Sirtis uses her character's psychic powers to help the Enterprise crew fight a cosmic conspiracy. That's cool, but who knew that beneath Marina's professional demeanor (not to mention a formfitting costume permanently set on stun) lurked a fledgling Phyllis Diller? Tony Romando boldly investigates.

MAXIM: For a few seasons, your character, Deanna Troi, was the only crew member with a bizarrely low-cut unitard. Something tells us the producers outrank the captain...



MARINA SIRTIS: It's TV, and obviously you've got to have good-looking women, but it does get kind of weird. At the Star Trek conventions, fans will be discussing these deep philosophical questions... and then they'll start talking about my breasts. And you kinda go, Wait a second—are we talking about the same show here?

M: Have any of those Trekkies ever gotten squirrelly with you?

MS: Well, there was this one guy who drove from San Antonio to Los Angeles in his truck and knocked on my door because he thought I had communicated with him through the TV screen.

M: What's a girl to do?

MS: Well, I perform a stand-up comedy routine at the conventions so that people will see that I'm totally different from Counselor Troi.

M: What if you could bring that comedy flair to your character—any chance we'll see Troi spin off into her own sitcom...say, something like My Favorite Empath?

MS: Actually, my character has totally changed from the series. She used to be very cerebral and intense. Then in the last movie, First Contact, I had this funny drunk scene that went over well, so this time I'm even zanier and sexier. Troi is like this cute, funny girl now.

M: Any other surprises in the new movie?

MS: It's a very different type of movie than First Contact, which was basically an action movie. This time we're trying to get back to the spirit of the original Star Trek. It's definitely got a message. Oh, and I share a bubble bath with Commander Riker.

Blood and Guts on 34th Street

What if classic Christmas films got mauled in Hollywood's latest bout of remake madness?

With Gus Van Sant's Psycho coming to a shower near you this month, and James Cameron monkeying around with a new version of Planet of the Apes, excuse us if we spot a trend: questionable remakes of already perfect movies. What will Hollywood's hit-hungry directors revamp next? Our dough is on those heartwarming holiday standbys you know just a little too well:

QUENTIN TARANTINO'S IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

Original: Small-town guy loses his business to a cranky old crook and wishes he'd never been born. A bumbling guardian angel shows him how much worse off his family and friends would be without him.

Tarantino version: Samuel L. Jackson stars as a small-time pimp who loses his territory to a cranky old pimp and wishes he'd never been born. A bumbling Hells Angel (Mr. T) takes him under his wing and—after they debate the virtues of Wint-O-Green versus Pep-O-Mint Life Savers—shows him what the world would be like without him by throwing him off a bridge.

Key scene: Mr. T and Sam watch in wonder as a junkie decorates a Christmas tree with severed rat heads.

WES CRAVEN'S MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET

Original: When the real Santa Claus starts working at Macy's department store, he meets an unbelieving little girl—and must go on trial to prove his authenticity.

Craven version: When Santa's evil twin starts invading the lives of department-store Santas through their dreams, no one else believes it's really happening. To prove their tale, they go on Larry King Live to show the wounds inflicted by the fiend's reindeer whip. Suddenly an unseen (but chubby) force decapitates Larry on camerathen slaughters every soul in CNN's studios except a wily cue-card girl (Jennifer Love Hewitt).

Key scene: Softly singing "Jingle Bell Rock" to stay calm, the cue-card girl hides behind Bobbie Battista's corpse.

MARTIN SCORSESE'S

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Original: Miserly businessman Mr. Scrooge humbugs the holidays until three ghosts



teach him 'tis better to give than to receive. Scorsese version: Joe Pesci stars as miserly mobster Mr. Scroogoli, who fuhgeddabouts Christmas until three god-

fathers teach him it's much better to give them huge holiday kickbacks than to get a fuckin' baseball bat upside the melon.

Key scene: "Humbug, Tiny Tim? You...calling...me...a...humbug? What is that, some kind of a friggin' joke? That I'm some sort of little bug that hums or something, crawling around for your friggin' amusement?"





Alanis Morissette

Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie (Maverick)

Morissette's 1995 breakthrough, Jagged Little Pill, became a gazillion-selling sensation largely because it didn't sound like the rest of the crap on the radio. With her pissed-offbanshee voice (and co-producer Glen Ballard's grunge-pop hooks), she carved out a niche as the anti-Mariah. Her challenge this time: Come up with a different kind of different. Well, she's succeeded-after a miserable fashion. As the goofy title suggests, Team Morissette has taken a trip to Weirdland. Brace yourself for a lot of Eastern influences (yogi-like chanting, sitar sounds, breathy references to India) and a delivery so tortured you want to give the girl the Heimlich maneuver. Morissette wheezes and gasps, but rarely delivers a decent melody. For instance, she muddles "Front Row" with two simultaneous choruses: one you can actually hear, and another sung incomprehensibly at a lower level. Definitely trippy, Alanis, but you lost us along the way.—Amy Spencer

The Offspring

Americana (Columbia)

There's no faster way for a punk band to lose credibility than by ditching its scrappy little label for a giant corporate outfit. Just ask the Offspring, a brainy, bratty Southern California combo that jumped to big, bad Columbia after conquering radio with an indie hit, 1994's "Come Out and Play." Result: mediocre sales for its next CD despite the fact that it rocked

like hell. With Americana, the band has responded in true punk fashion by dissing fair-weather fans. Mouthpiece Dexter Holland spends half of

this album poking fun at judgmental dimwits and ripping through headbanging anti-poseur anthems like "Pretty Fly (For a White Guy)." OK, covering Morris Albert's "Feelings" might not qualify as punk, but this hard-hitting album is a helluva lot of fun. Shut up and enjoy.—Tom Lanham

Vic Chesnutt

The Salesman and Bernadette (Capricorn) If you don't know this inspired folk singer, you should: Popping in a Vic Chesnutt CD is like listening to the drunk at the end of the bar ramble on all night, only to realize at last call that he's

the smartest guy in the ioint. Confined to a wheelchair since age 19, Chesnutt has long been chronicling the oddities of Southern life like a cross between Hank Williams and William Faulkner, Here he teams up with Lambchop (an equally odd country combo) to create his most ambitious work yet. Shoring up his quirky tunes with scraps of soul, doo-wop, and rock, Chesnutt gracefully walks the line between inspired poet and village idiot. Even better, while his musical tales often seem like simple stories (about parades, duty-free shops, and a girl whose father looks like Woodrow Wilson), Chesnutt's sly perspective becomes more apparent with time. Roll on, Vic.-David Peisner

Various Artists

Hempilation 2: Freetheweed (Capricorn)

Musicians love to rally around a cause. And while the Hempilation series doesn't exactly rank up there with Live Aid, the inalienable right to fire up a joint is damned important

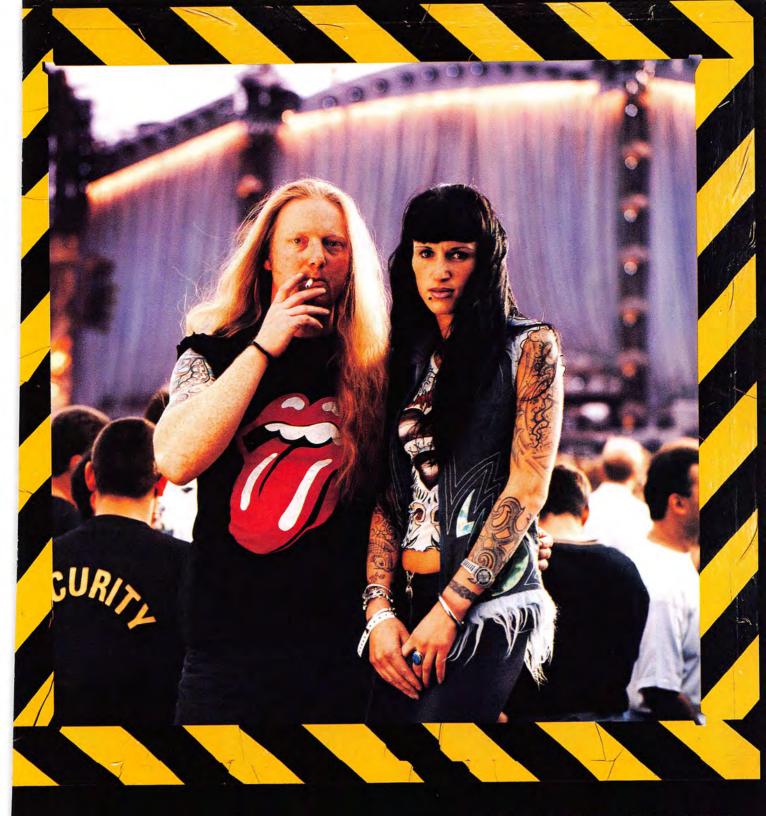
> to some folks. Several genres are represented, from the grungy bass grooves of Mike Watt ("Sidemousin" the Bong") to the pungent funk of George Clinton

> > Guard Dope Dog") to the smokehouse country of

("U.S. Customs Coast

and Paul"). Do they sing the praises of the demon weed? Indeed, dude. So if you're morally opposed, take a pass. If not, you'll find some surprisingly good shit to satisfy almost any musical craving. In a word? Dope. [Editor's note: Shortly after submitting this review, our writer ate the CD case and liner notes.]-Charles Coxe

noted toker Willie Nelson ("Me



You Got Me Rocking - Gimme Shelter - Flip The Switch - Memory Motel - Corinna - Saint Of Me - Waiting On A Friend - Sister Morphine - Live With Me - Respectable - Thief In The Night - The Last Time - Out Of Control

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ROCK 101

Bachman-Turner...Underwear?

Ten ways to name a band—satisfaction not entirely guaranteed.

Band-name inspiration can strike from anywhere. Take Metallica, whose 307th album, Garage Inc., has just hit stores. How did the group come up with their enduring, mantra-like moniker? According to Rock Names, by Adam Dolgins (Citadel Press), they, uh, simply stole it from a friend's list of titles for a proposed fanzine. Here are 10 more (sorta surefire) ways to name your baby:

1 STICK A PIN IN A MAP

The Bay City Rollers. To give the '70s Scottish bubblegummers a Yank-friendly name, their manager randomly stabbed a map and happened to hit Bay City, Michigan, population 42,000.

Worst-case-scenario name: France

2 USE A DISRESPECTFUL PHRASE THAT TRUCKDRIVERS YELL AT YOU

Blondie. This slur was constantly hollered at Debbie Harry, the new-wave band's flaxenhaired frontwoman, who shrewdly turned abuse into immortality.

Worst-case-scenario name: Idiot Road-Hog Asshole Canadian

3 STICK YOUR FINGER IN THE DICTIONARY

The Grateful Dead. Jerry Garcia is reported to have grabbed a Funk & Wagnalls and jabbed the fateful phrase, which refers to a subgenre of British folklore.

Worst-case-scenario name: (tie)
Antiestablishmentarianism; Cockapoo

4 JUST STAND ON A STREET CORNER AND LOOK UP

Blue Öyster Cult. The band's manager was on a New York sidewalk when he spotted a restaurant sign hawking bluepoint oysters. Some tweaking and a pointless umlaut

Worst-case-scenario name: Curb Your Dög

sealed the deal.

5 ADD A "C" TO SOME OTHER BAND'S NAME

Sixties R&B band the Chi-Lites was pissed when it discovered that its original choice—the Hi-Lites—had already been taken. To the rescue: a "c."

Bay City Rollers, a.k.a.

The Ugly Twits

Worst-case-scenario name: Cloverboy

6 STATE THE OBVIOUS

The Band. "We tried to call ourselves the Honkies," said pianist Richard Manuel in 1976, "but everyone backed off from that.



It was too...straight. So we decided to call ourselves...the Band."

Worst-case-scenario name: The Band That Can't Get a Gig

7 ASK YOUR GRANDMA

Deep Purple—the world's loudest rock band, according to the *Guinness Book of World Records* guys—was leaning toward the more menacing moniker Concrete God when the guitarist's granny persuaded the guys to adopt the name of her favorite ditty, an old-time ballad.

Worst-case-scenario name: Ben-Gay

8 ASK YOUR GREAT-GRANDMA

Pearl Jam scrapped its original handle, Mookie Blaylok (a tribute to the New Jersey Nets guard), in favor of a reference to the hallucinogenic preserves Eddie Vedder's great-grandmother, Pearl, produced.

> Worst-case-scenario name: Extra-Strength Ben-Gay with Aloe Vera

9 HONOR YOUR MOST BELOVED PASTIME

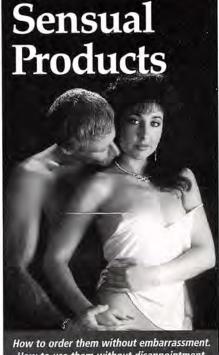
Green Day. The pipsqueak punkers took their name from one of their favorite hobbies—smoking pot for extended periods.

Worst-case-scenario name: Unrelenting Obsessive Masturbation

10 JUST BE YOUR STUPID SELF

Megadeth. "The band's name means the act of dying," elucidates guitarist Dave Mustaine (who formed Megadeth after he was kicked out of Metallica in 1983), "but, like, really mega!"

Worst-case-scenario name:



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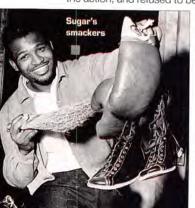
No Wimps Allowed

(TBS, December 20, 10:35 A.M.-December 21, 4:05 A.M.) At most film festivals, audiences ooh and aah over quietly subversive movies with names like Squalid Tea and Solitary Lump. Screw that. At this festival-a sevenflick, 17-hour-plus marathon from the folks who bring you "Movies for Guys Who Like Movies"-you are strictly encouraged to hoot and holler at films you and your buddies know better than Pizza Hut's delivery number. Relive some inspiringly hard-assed moments: Steven Seagal getting medieval on a dreadlocked drug kingpin in Marked for Death; Christopher Lambert learning "there can be only one" immortal in Highlander; even Mel Gibson turning the tables on a water torturer in the original (and best) Lethal Weapon. Warning: If after this marathon you attempt to view any motion picture featuring more than 30 seconds of sustained dialogue, you may experience dizzy spells and/or an uncontrollable urge to pillage.

Sugar Ray Robinson: The Bright Lights and Dark Shadows of a Champion

(HBO, December 8, 10 P.M.)

Heavyweights may hog the boxing spotlight, but—pound for pound—sweet-science aficionados consider middleweight Sugar Ray Robinson the best fighter ever. Despite a nausea-inducing title, this riveting documentary packs a well-rounded punch. Robinson rose from the raw streets of 1930s New York to slug through an incredible 201 professional fights before retiring in 1965. In one middleweight championship match on February 14, 1951, he battered "Raging Bull" Jake La Motta so savagely that the fight's known as the Valentine's Day Massacre. Outside the ring, he shrewdly negotiated bigger cuts of the action, and refused to become a pawn of



the mob—while finding enough quality time to party hearty and bed numerous pretty ladies. Our call? At the sound of the bell, come out watching!



Invasion: Earth

(Sci-Fi Channel, December 8-10, 9 P.M.) It's Independence Day meets Masterpiece Theatre in this three-part Sci-Fi Channel/BBC miniseries, which combines the sophistication of British telly with the American tendency to clobber anyone we don't like. In installment one, a Royal Air Force pilot shoots down a flying saucer over Scotland. But when a U.S. Air Force bigwig investigates, he discovers that the incident is merely the first sign of a full-scale alien invasion. In subsequent installments, extraterrestrial scientists perform a lot of unnecessary surgery. alien agents within our own ranks are unmasked, and the entire universe takes on a bloody tinge. Creepy enough to make this a close encounter of the three-night kind.

Reviews by Mike Hammer

Fat's Entertainment

Hey, *Friends* pretty boys, take a hike! When it comes to TV's leading men, blubber is back.

It took Drew Carey to convince TV execs that America likes its prime-time guys with a little meat—OK, lard—on their bones. Result: New shows are serving up extra helpings of scale-tipping stars. Here's a comparative tale of the tape.

Doug Heffernan: UPS box jockey (Kevin James) on CBS's *The King of Queens*

Round numbers: 5'10", 240 lbs Beefy dialogue: "This is not mustard from a jar, this is deli mustard!"—Doug ecstatically enjoying a sandwich...at his mother-in-law's wake.

Costar sizes him up: "You're not fat, you're husky."—wife (Leah Remini) He sizes himself up: "I'm not in the mood tonight, I feel fat."

John DiResta: porky NYC transit cop (played by the actor of the same name) on UPN's *DiResta*

Round numbers: 5'10", 2391/2 lbs Beefy dialogue: "I'm looking for Pop Tarts—a simple, factory-made, foil-sealed pastry. Is that too much to ask?"

Costar sizes him up: "Breadwinner, bread eater...whatever."—wife (Leila Kenzie)

He sizes himself up: "I shop at the Big & Tall Men's Shop. There I'm a petite."

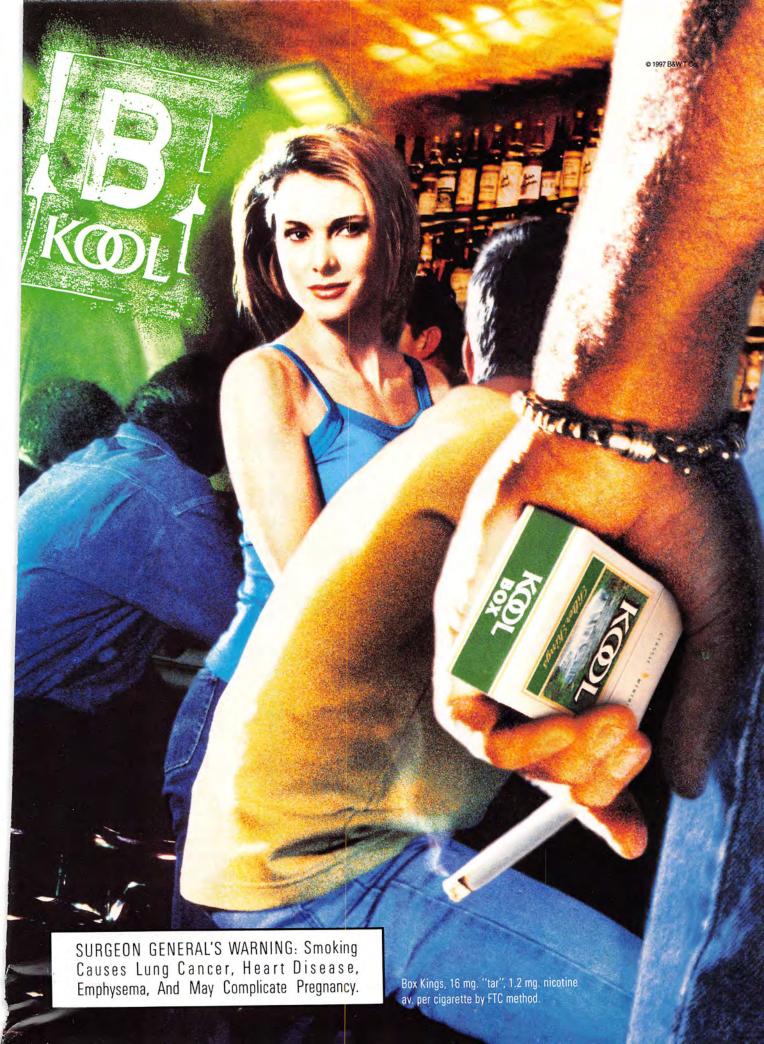
Sammo Law: doughy detective and XXL black-belt martial artist (Sammo Hung) on CBS' Martial Law

Round numbers: 5'7", 230 lbs Beefy dialogue: "You don't break rocks with eggs." Probably 'cause Sammo ate every egg in a five-mile radius.

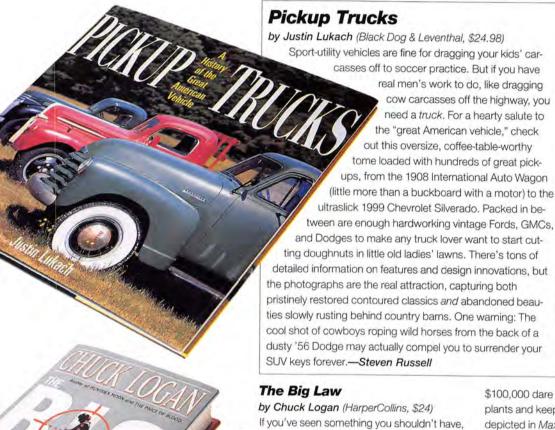
Costar sizes him up: "We're looking for a martial arts expert. That guy looks like a cook."—partner (Tammy Lauren) He sizes himself up: "Not out of

shape-just fat."

Istration, Rian Hughes. Photograph, Neal Peters Collection (Lethal







the Federal Witness Protection

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guingly bland new

name). But if you're the

guy who wants to find the

squealer and rub him out, the program can be a real bitch.

That's the premise of this taut

settle the little matter of Broker's ex-

wife's murder, even if it means taking on

the Big Law (slang for the FBI). This dirty-cops-

and-wise-guys stuff could've had soon to BE A

TV MOVIE STARRING CHUCK NORRIS stamped all

edge of FBI inner workings (reminiscent of

over it, but Logan's graphic style and knowl-

Tom Clancy's, though not so damned techno-

geeky) raise it well above the genre standard.

thriller, in which former cop Phil Broker seeks out a protected witness to hiding for a spell.—S.R.

The Man With the \$100,000 Breasts

Bonus: It contains detailed

should you plan to go into

tips that will be helpful

\$100,000 Breasts and Other Gambling Stories

by Michael Konik (Huntington Press, \$24.95) Sure, we all toss a few bucks into the office football pool, maybe even play a little nickel-ante poker with our buddies on fishing trips. But in this high-rolling collection of 26 true stories, Cigar Aficionado columnist Konik profiles professional, compulsive, and possibly insane gamblers who make wagering a way of life. Consider the freaky title story, in which a guy accepts a

\$100,000 dare to get himself 38C breast implants and keep them for a year (as vividly depicted in *Maxim*'s July/August issue). Or the laid-back golf hustler who duped enough pros to buy his own private jet. Or the 27-year-old Cal Tech dropout who came out of nowhere to win the World Series of Poker championship. Konik also offers plenty of practical Vegas-insider knowledge, like what your best and worst casino bets are and how to score more in comps than you lose at the tables. If we were betting men, we'd give big odds you'll like this book.—*Aaron Roston*

Making the Wiseguys Weep by David Evanier

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$24)
Ever played "Who Am I?" Try this one: "I am an Italian-American big-band singer raised in Hoboken, New Jersey, who makes the chicks swoon and rubs shoulders with more mobsters than a pinstriped suit." Uh...is it Frank Sinatra? Close, but no cigar. In this not-ready-

for-A&E biography, we meet Jimmy Roselli,

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BOOKS

who could be called the shadow Sinatra. Ten years younger, Roselli grew up five doors down from Ol' Blue Eyes and had his own shot at national stardom, but lacked the brains to match his voice: He lost the support of some goodfellas by declining "invitations" to sing at family weddings, and even insisted Ed Sullivan pay him to appear on TV. Alsorans can make enticing stories, but Evanier makes a dull, jumbled mess of all the anecdotes. At one point Roselli, who participated fully in the book, comments, "Every time I let down my guard, I got plowed in the ass." Sorry, pal—it happened again.—A.R.

The Last Goodbye

by Malcolm Bell (St. Martin's, \$24.95) This terrific new thriller is so cloak-and-dagger that even the author has gone under cover: Malcolm Bell is the pen name of a "former government employee" who wants to remain anonymous. Understandable, if he's anything like his shadowy hero: Ex-CIA agent Marcus Malone is broke, lonely, and-whaddaya know?-a master spy. In other words, the perfect guy for the CIA to drag out of retirement for a deep-cover operation. The mission? Track down a terrorist before he nukes San Diego. The method? Pose as a ruthless arms dealer. The plot nimbly twists and slides through the U.S., Prague, and Beirut before breathlessly arriving at the brink of atomic apocalypse. We gotta dock the mysterious Mr. Bell some points for a dumb romantic subplot, but we'll award him a few for supporting-cast originality: When's the last time an espionage tale hinged on the expertise of a sexy dental assistant?—Steven Kotok

Finger-Flippin' Good

For high points in middle-finger history, take a spin on this.

When it comes to nonverbal zingers, nothing beats an extended middle finger. Or so says *The Finger: A Comprehensive Guide to Flipping Off* (Acid Test Productions, \$16.95), by M.J. Loheed, Matt Patterson, and Eddie Schmidt, a new book that traces the bird's historical rise to Supremo Vulgar Gesture. Recent decades have been especially fruitful for memorable finger moments:

1964: In a moment of confusion during a live broadcast of *The Ed Sullivan Show*, comedian Jackie Mason allegedly flips off the audience. Sullivan cancels Mason's future appearances, effectively ruining his career for a decade. Mason now claims, "I didn't even know what the gesture meant. Six months before, I had been a rabbi. I was

completely naive..."

1974: Mad magazine runs a picture of a hand giving the finger—instead of Alfred E. Neuman's grinning freckled face—on its cover. News vendors treat the issue like a pus-oozing lesion, and the publisher is forced to write a personal apology to each offended reader. Today the issue is (duh!) a collector's item.

1976: While introducing presidential hopeful Bob Dole at a campaign rally, V.P. Nelson Rockefeller is flipped off by protesters. The veep eagerly returns the gesture, and the photo runs on front pages everywhere. When asked why he didn't join in, Dole replies, "I have trouble with my right arm."



1980: An overly patriotic contractor is arrested in Hammond, Louisiana, for painting on a supermarket wall a 30-foot Mickey Mouse with white-gloved middle finger extended. In a dialogue balloon, Mickey says, "We're fed up. Hey, Iran!" The store had hired the contractor to paint the wall...yellow.

1989: In response to jeering while attending a street fair, Washington, D.C., mayor Marion Barry flips

the offending constituents the bird.
One observer comments, "That wasn't an obscene gesture; that was a campaign promise."

1992: A San Diego couple enjoying a nighttime backyard barbecue are spotlighted by a hovering police helicopter. The annoyed couple flip the intrusive whirlybird the bird, and within minutes cops raid their house. They sue and are awarded \$300,000 for violation of their civil rights.

1995: While being executed by lethal injection for murdering his ex-girlfriend, Arizona prison inmate Jimmie Wayne Jeffers screams parting obscenities and extends his middle finger. The finger is still raised when he's declared dead.

Mister Satan's Apprentice

by Adam Gussow (Pantheon, \$25)
After his girlfriend has moved out, what's a neurotic, overeducated white boy to do?
Pose as a professional blues musician, of course, so he can get paid to drink and be depressed. Gussow's story is strange but

true: Left heartbroken by the breakup, he ditches grad school to chase his ain't-l-cool? dream of becoming a harmonica player.
While performing on corners in Harlem, he teams up with one Mister Satan, a fiery old black guitarist who's

earned his living playing on the streets for years. The two join forces, make a brief appearance in U2's Rattle and Hum concert film, and tour the world as the mildly renowned duo Satan and Adam. You'd expect this material to make a fascinating book, but it's the reader who really gets the blues: The inside look at the hardscrabble life of a street musician is appealing, but Gussow's woman problems, whiningly recounted, aren't exactly the whiskey-soaked stuff of a Howlin' Wolf song. The sourcest note: Gussow's affected, rambling style makes him seem like Mr. Kerouac's failed apprentice.—A.R.



THE WILD LIFE:

Pages 154-155: Tuxedo suit, \$1,295, by Canali at Boyd's in Philadelphia and select Bloomingdale's stores. Shirt \$85, by Joseph Abboud at select Bloomingdale's stores. Tie, part of cummerbund set, \$120, by Joseph Abboud at Nordstrom, Dayton Hudson/Marshall Field's, and Parisian's. Tuxedo suit, \$825, by Valentino at Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus. Shirt by DKNY, \$58, at Bloomingdale's. Tie, \$65 by Ralph Lauren at Bloomingdale's, Macy's, and Polo Ralph Lauren store in NYC

Page 156: Suit \$495, by Alfani, at Macy's. Shirt, \$85, by Burberry at Burberry stores; call (800) 284-8480. Tie, \$125, by Ermenegildo Zegna at Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques. Cuff links, \$50, by Kenneth Cole at Kenneth Cole retail stores.

Page 157: Chalk-striped suit by Kenneth Cole, \$600, at Kenneth Cole retail stores. Shirt, \$195, by Ralph Lauren at Ralph Lauren stores in NYC, Chicago and Beverly Hills.

Page 158: Suit, \$905, by Mondo di Marco at Syd Jerome Menswear in Chicago; Alex Sebastian in Costa Mesa, CA; and Beau Brummel in

NYC. Shirt, \$245, and tie, \$95, by Donna Karan at Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 159: Suit, \$495, by Lauren by Ralph Lauren at men's specialty stores nationwide. Tie, \$65, by Polo by Ralph Lauren at Bloomingdale's, Macy's, and Polo Ralph Lauren store in NYC. Shirt, \$225, by Ermenegildo Zegna at Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques nationwide. Shoes, \$295, by BOSS Hugo Boss; call (800) HUGO-BOSS

Page 160: Suit, \$750, by Nicole Farhi at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Shirt, \$95, by New York Industrie by Staff International at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; BLT in Houston and Atlanta; and Camouflage in NYC.

Page 161: Suit, \$540, by Gene Meyer at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Atrium in NYC; and Bryan Lee in San Francisco. Shirt, \$110, by Gene Meyer at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Macy's West stores

Right: Velvet suit by Joseph Abboud, by special order; call (800) 999-0600 x4220. Tie by Donna Karan, \$98, at Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue. Gucci shirt, \$210 at Gucci in NYC and Beverly Hills.

THE POWER HOUR:

Pages 132-133: Timex, \$40; call (800) 367-8463 or visit www.timex.com. Citizen's Solar-Tech Elite, \$275; call (800) 321-3173. Coach's Metropolitan, \$350, at Coach Stores nationwide. Macy's, and Marshall Field's; call (800) 223-8647. Hamilton's Lloyd, \$395; call (877) 839-5223. Bulova, \$850, at fine jewelers nationwide. Dunhill's CityScape, \$975, at Alfred Dunhill in NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills, and San Francisco; call (800) 541-0738. Viziomatic by Movado, \$1,195, at Movado: The Store in NYC, White Plains, NY, and Short Hills, NJ; Westheim in Los Angeles; and Dadok in Houston; call (888) 5-MOVADO.

Page 134: Swatch Scuba, \$80, at Swatch Timeship in NYC; call (877) 839-5223. FreeStyle's Point Break.



\$60; call (800) 949-1563. Nixon's The Power Slave, \$85; visit www.nixonnow.com. Swiss Army's Odyssey GMT, \$295; call (800) 442-2706 or visit www.swissarmy.com. Patek Philippe's Aquanaut, \$6,500, at Tiffany & Co. and Tourneau.

Page 136: Armitron's All-Sport, \$25, at JC Penney and Macy's; call (800) 840-2933. Casio's G-Shock G-Lide, \$110; call (888) BY-G-SHOCK. Nike's Steelhead, \$189; call (800) 352-NIKE, TAG Heuer's Kirium Chronograph, \$1,895; call (800) 321-4832. International Watch Company UTC pilot watch, \$3,695, at Alpha Omega in Boston; JosephEdwards in NYC; and Sydney Garber in Chicago; call (800) 432-9330.

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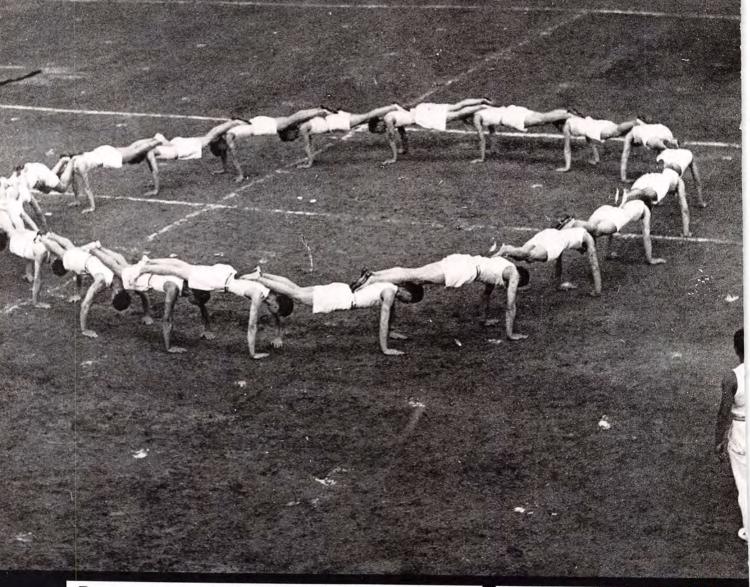
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Medusa's little brother Toby, kind of a disappointment to his folks.

Scott Chandler wins the Advent speakers



Bachelor dies at Chinese wedding after catching bride's garter snake. Steven Vanasse, Houston, TX

"Yeah, you still have a little hanger." Todd Watson, Springfield, OH

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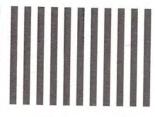
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Spence put a new twist on an old philosophy. To be one with everything, he says, you've gotta have one of everything. That's why he also has the new Ford Ranger. So he can seek wisdom on a mountain top.

Take off in hot pursuit of enlightenment. And connect with Mother Earth. By looking no further than into

the planet's coolest 4-door compact pickup.

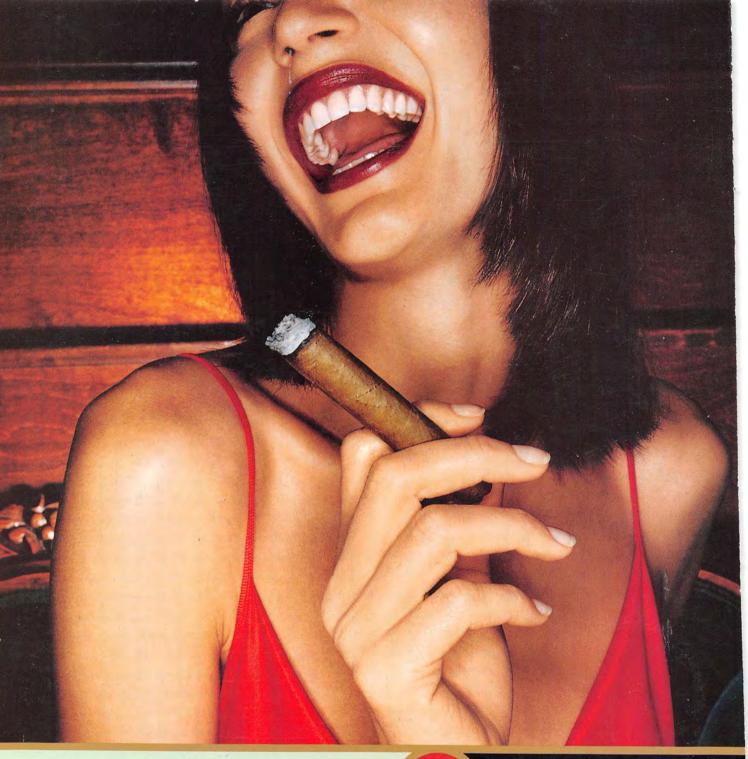
He says it gives him easy access to inner peace. Which makes him one happy soul.

Ranger 4-Door SuperCab

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